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By the men . . . for the men in the service

CLEAN-UP, WESTERN FRONT

With the Infantry Inside the Siegfried Line

PAGES 2, 3, 4 & 5

Cracking the Westwall was not a grand assault but a process of enveloping and infiltrating undermanned yet still tough positions.

THE MOUTH OF A NAZI PILLBOX GAPES LIKE AN EMPTY CAVE OPENING. TWO OF ITS LATE OCCUPANTS SPRAWL DEAD BEFORE IT.

Inside the Siegfried Line

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 4TH INFANTRY DIVISION IN THE SIEGFRIED LINE—We were sitting around talking about this thing and what it amounted to, and an officer said:

"I got up here and went inside a pillbox and looked out at the ground we had come over. The fog had lifted, and I tell you when I looked through that slit, I almost had heart failure. They could have slaughtered us."

But they didn't. When the Infantry got here it had to fight, and it was still fighting. But even so it had arrived before Jerry was ready. It found the Line undermanned, undergunned and with its carefully planned fields of fire grown over. And after all these years, the construction—halted long ago—had only recently begun again.

Theoretically the Siegfried Line was all it was supposed to be, the Infantry believes, except that Jerry didn't have time to do it justice. The Line had been a good thing militarily, and then it became an exhibition after the fall of France. People came to poke around and gawk at it and see what a great thing it was, and the German soldiers took pride in it.

"If that grass were cut down," they told the people who came to look, "we could see over into Belgium and kill anything that moved between here and there." And the Germans could have done it, too, except that they didn't have time to mow the grass and cut down the young trees and tidy up the place.

They didn't have time for demolition work and road blocks, either, so all the millions of tons of concrete that went into the necklace of dragon's teeth in front of the Line were wasted. When the Infantry got there, it found perfectly good roads running through the dragon's teeth.

And the Germans didn't have time to get their guns in place, because the guns had been taken away and some couldn't have been brought back no matter how much time there was.

And the same might be said of the soldiers who should have been at this particular part of the Line. There were Jerries there, but not enough when the chips were down.

THE 2d Battalion made its attack in the early morning when the fog was so thick that the Infantry could hardly see 30 feet ahead. They assaulted the Siegfried Line with rifle grenades, bazookas and support artillery amounting to a battalion of 105s and a platoon of tank destroyers.

And the Siegfried Line cracked five miles wide. Now the battalion CP was in a German pillbox—one of those the Jerries had built as a combat barracks rather than as a fighting emplacement. There were two rooms, 12 by 12, with a dozen bunks in each. There were also two smaller rooms, used as storage space for ammunition. But there was no opening for a gun.

The box was rectangular and sunk into the ground—a massive thing with sharp, straight lines contrasting with the evenness of the earth that hid it almost completely. You might have thought some giant had dug a hole and put a box in it, and the hole was too big for the box, so one side was left below the surface of the ground and everything else was hidden by earth pushed in on the top and the other three sides.

From outside came the thud of explosives, and somebody said casually: "See if that's coming in or going out." A soldier answered from beyond the blast wall: "Going out." It didn't make much difference inside. This place had walls eight feet thick, of reinforced concrete and steel. Overhead there were four or five feet of more concrete and steel, and on top of that seven or eight feet of earth and natural vegetation.

It was like being in a buried ship. You felt as if you were on the bottom deck of the after hold—bunks stacked three high (but these had rope springs), doorways with steps made of concrete so that in the dark you stumbled across them and swore, doors that were dogged-down instead of just locked.

Somebody remarked: "Our Artillery officer says he'll stay in here and let a battery of 105s zero in on him. Me, I'd feel safe from anything but a direct hit from a 500-pound bomb—and that would have to be right on the button."

To prevent the Jerries from filtering back into knocked-out sectors of the Line and manning them all over again—as they'd done in some spots—the Engineers were blowing up whatever captured pillboxes the infantry didn't plan to use.

Yesterday the Engineers blew up four boxes. They needed 3,000 pounds of TNT for the day's work. Back down the road a little way a company CP was set up in the ruins of a box, and its temporary occupants described the job:

"This was more or less an experiment, the Engineers told us. There was some 88 ammo in here, so they took 150 pounds of it and primed it with 34 pounds of TNT. Then they closed all the doors and sealed everything up tight. They lit a 30-second fuse, bolted up the last door and ran like hell. They said the thing sort of rumbled for a while, stewing around, building up pressure inside, and then blew."

Farther along the road were two more pillboxes intact. They stood at a junction of the supply routes that the Jerries had built into the Line. These were fighting boxes, placed to give each other support from the fire of the guns that should have looked out of the square-cut aperture in their forward walls.

But there were no guns, and there was only one firing position for each pillbox. They covered the crossroad to their front, and that was all. And 100 yards in front of them, beyond the road junction, was the cover of a dense pinewood.

"The main idea of the whole thing," explained the Infantry, "was that the pillboxes would be occupied only when the Jerries were under an artillery barrage or heavy bombardment. They fought from these trenches on the outside, and when it got too hot for them they went inside. They were comparatively safe in there, all right, but they couldn't hurt us any, either. If we didn't come up right in front, they couldn't touch us."

And the Infantry didn't come up right in front, except during that first morning in the fog.

Before the assault a patrol had worked into the Line, moving up from the valley below toward the wooden ridge line, which was the Line itself, feeling with cautious fingers the contours of the land and working through the thick pine woods of the ridge to test the strength of whatever lay waiting there. The patrol found what it wanted, and the Infantry moved forward, skirting strength and hitting weakness, so that before the fog lifted they were inside the Line and turning left to follow a supply road parallel with it.

So the cracking of the Siegfried Line, instead of a grand assault in the face of terrible fire, became a series of small-scale envelopments and of infiltration, and the Infantry flowed like water through the slender close-knit little pines. They hit high-velocity weapons and automatic weapons because the Germans were neither cowards nor altogether weak; but the Germans fought from the trenches until the fire came from all around, and then they went into the pillboxes to fight some more if they could and, if not, to sweat.

There was confusion in the forest. On the first day a unit had worked ahead and was too far forward to think about chow. A Jerry kitchen truck blundered in. The evening meal consisted of potatoes, black bread and ersatz coffee.

The assault was four days old before the Infantry could be sure that their penetration was complete; and in the pine woods were left pockets of isolated Germans.

A ration dump had been established, and a company commander was walking down the road toward it. Through the woods he saw 14 men moving off with K-ration boxes on their shoul-

ON THE FIFTH DAY PLANES CAME IN TO GIVE CLOSE SUPPORT TO THE INFANTRY. SMOKE IN BACKGROUND IS FROM THEIR BOMBING.

ders. They were Germans. A security guard was placed on the rations. The guard waited under cover and three more Germans came up a covered route toward the dump. They were fired on.

Then some GIs arrived, picked a few boxes up and left. They were not fired on.

Finally another group of Germans showed up for rations. They went back down their covered approach, taking their wounded with them.

The battalion moved its ration dump.

"Hell," said the Infantry, "we can't feed everybody."

When the Germans went inside their pillboxes, tank destroyers came up and knocked on the steel doors with 75s. Inside, the Jerries breathed good air from their ventilator system and dogged down their doors and went behind their blast walls and waited while the TDs banged away.

"We depend on concussion and psychology," said the Infantry.

Sooner or later, concussion or psychology prevailed. In other sectors the Jerries have listened inside their combat barracks while a few tons of earth were piled in front of their exit by a bulldozer. Or while a man with a torch welded that exit shut.

More often there was less effort required. Two soldiers were looking for a place to spend the night—any place that wouldn't require the digging of a foxhole—and they came to a pillbox near the battalion CP. It looked okay. Then one of them peered into a slit on the concrete wall and saw a pair of blue eyes looking back at him. The soldiers fired a couple of rifle grenades inside; out came 18 Germans. They had been there for two days, and the battalion hadn't heard a sound from them.

AND now the Infantry was sitting where the Jerries had been, facing the other way.

The day was miserable. Fog that lay on the hollows and rain that came down in a drizzle as delicate as cobwebs blended in a cold thin cloud. The spiny little pines dripped constantly. The woods echoed with the sound of occasional fire, and once in a while there came the brief beat of a machine gun.

Four prisoners were brought into the CP, and the Infantry stood shivering and soaked, eyeing the long gray-green overcoats that came almost to the prisoners' heels. The Infantry hadn't been issued winter clothing yet, but they had been promised it.

The prisoners stood with heads bared and looked at the Infantry, a little embarrassed. They were Czechs, they said, and new men in the Line. They had walked into an outpost and given themselves up.

A soldier approached with a penknife and whittled away at an insignia on one gray-green sleeve. Another prisoner smiled and peeled off his overcoat, exposing a cleaner, more nicely embroidered job. The soldier accepted his silent offer in silence, but they both grinned. It was a way to spend a Sunday afternoon.

Inside the pillbox CP, the battalion staff fought boredom between routine phone calls. The commander of G Company, a young guy with strong teeth and huge hands, had dropped in. He was kidding the Artillery officer who sat on the bunk opposite him.

"I called in to tell 'em to put down a barrage in front of me, and the next thing I knew—wham! right beside my CP. So I got back on that phone and said: 'What the hell is this? You're hitting right on top of me!' By that time they'd fired another round, I guess, so all he said was: 'Well, duck—here comes some more.'"

Sunday afternoon passed into an early dark. And along the Siegfried Line blue smoke rose sluggishly upward, thickening the haze.

For the moment the Infantry was holding. And waiting to go on.

Northern Break-Through

WITH THE FIRST U. S. ARMY IN GERMANY—There was a staff sergeant standing alongside the road, gloating over the Jerry pistol he had just picked up. He didn't know the name of the town his platoon had entered on the first day of the attack. He didn't know the name of the town behind him or the one just in front.

"They're throwing in some stuff over there," he said. "I think we're still cleaning out a few snipers on top. You know, I was just saying to the lieutenant here: 'Damn, I wish I could find me a P-38.' I looked over in the weeds and seen something. I went over and just picked up this P-38.

"Well, anyway, we went into this town in a column of twos. No, I don't reckon we did; I guess we worked in platoons. We took our objectives, anyway, and got some prisoners. Came dark we settled down. They put in an 88 barrage on us and blew the hell out of the place. That's about all. Damn, I'm lucky I got me a P-38."

The lieutenant said he thought the name of the town was Kerkrade. That's in Holland. It was taken on the second or third day of the attack, but it was the first day of the attack as far as the lieutenant's and sergeant's outfit was concerned.

You see, that's the trouble with these things. It's hard to get the entire picture. One or two outfits kick off, then a couple of days later the Armor will break through and spread out. Some reserve units will come up and be committed where they're needed. Before long, everything is so mixed up, you can't tell from nothing.

Of course, there are some people who can tell you these things. The battalion knows where C Company is; the regiment knows where J is, and the division knows the disposition of its units down to a 16th of an inch on the square of the acetate covering of the 1-to-200 map. But it's by ascending degrees that you get the big picture out on the line.

Two soldiers sat silently in the chapel. The chapel was on the right as you entered Rimberg Castle. The castle was a little beat up. The windows of the chapel were gone. The gilded figures carved into the wall behind the altarpiece were chipped and dirtied by ancient plaster that had spilled from the ceiling when shells hit.

Outside, the artillery was still hitting occasionally and men would scatter for cover. But our artillery and theirs together made such a noise that you had to be pretty good to tell what was going out and what was coming in; the whistling blasts blended together.

The two infantrymen sat quietly, not moving. One of them had been reading a letter. The other held a dark, dusty long-necked bottle. "Wine," he said. "Good wine." He said it quietly. He wasn't drunk or anywhere near it, just relaxed.

The chapel suddenly became quiet. It had been there, perhaps 200 feet inside Germany, for several hundred years.

Now, this attack had been very well conceived. It was to start off with Air. "We'll go as soon as the weather permits," the general had said. The Air came but it was a disappointment to the Infantry. There wasn't enough of it in the right places. Once when the Infantry captured a prisoner, they asked him what had been the enemy reaction to our preparatory bombing. Unfortunately the prisoner had been asleep at the time. "What preparatory bombing?" he asked.

That was on the first day. But on the fifth day it was different.

The planes came in to give close support to the Infantry to help break up a counterattack. The planes were on 15-minute call all that day and they did a nice job during the counterattack. They also messed up a German barracks that had been well fortified and was giving trouble.

The planes were glistening in the sun, wheeling and diving. When there was no air cover, there was something missing in the medley of battle sounds, but when the planes returned they slid back into the sound pattern like the smooth instrumentation of woodwinds.

This time the Infantry had little argument with Air—or with Armor.

In the plan of this attack—in the big picture—the Infantry was to break through the Siegfried Line and the Armor was to follow, move past the Infantry and spread out to the front. But this time the Armor was a little slow in getting started. It needed room to maneuver, and the Infantry was a little slow in breeching the wall ahead of it.

This attack north of Aachen in Germany was not the first penetration of the Siegfried Line.

The weather was like Indian summer back home. Troops could ford the Moselle River at some points.

GIs pass unopposed through Siegfried dragons' teeth.

There had been other break-throughs south of Aachen. This one up on the northern flank wasn't much different except that it came at the end of a lull. The others came at the beginning.

The southern break-throughs were made from a running start; the northern one was from a standing position. The southern people broke the Line and then held; the northern people were held up before they reached the Line, then got set and hit it.

OF course, the Germans got set, too. That's why it was rugged. They got set with their artillery. By the second day, and certainly by the fourth, the Infantry had decided on one thing definitely: there was more artillery coming in on them than there had been anywhere else before.

The Germans mixed mortars in with the artillery. They mortared and shelled until, as the Infantry said, it was better to keep your fingernails over your head than have nothing up there at all. At night the sky flashed orange and white like the lights on a telephone switchboard.

In the big picture—and down in the impact zone—the artillery took up a lot of space.

From the OP you could traverse a BC 'scope over a front of maybe 800 yards. The place was pretty well plastered. There was a knocked-out Tiger tank over there. And dug into the slope itself there were 200 or 300 shell craters that made it the most forlorn-looking place in the world when you squinted at it through the 'scope.

There was a haystack on the slope that looked partly knocked down. Nobody could tell whether it was a real haystack or a pillbox. Occasionally .50-caliber tracer bullets bounce off haystacks.

Down below in front of the OP some 300 or 400 yards a dramatic little scene was taking place at a crossroads, although nobody in the OP paid much attention to it.

The road going to the left curved out of sight around the bend. The enemy had the crossroads under observation. He was sitting back there someplace and sniping with 88s at whatever went up or down the highway.

Sitting in the OP you could hear shells coming in on the road—four or five of them maybe. Then a jeep would come barging around the bend toward you. Another jeep would start down toward the crossroads, curve around to the left and out of sight. Then you would hear the shells come in again. You could always tell if they had missed when a jeep was coming around the bend toward you. But when one went down the road the other way you couldn't.

When the jeeps coming in your direction passed the OP, the guys in them would be sitting there looking as if they were on their way home from a movie. If you hadn't just seen it, you would never have been able to tell from looking at them that 30 seconds before they had been riding along like those little ducks that roll across the back end of a three-for-a-dime shooting gallery.

But one time, two jeeps and some shells met simultaneously at the crossroads. In the confusion the drivers couldn't make up their minds which road to take, so they ran into each other.

That was on the third day of the attack. On the fourth day some soldiers stopped off in a barn. There was some shelling. One shell came through the wall of the barn. It hit a cow and took off her leg. Then it spun around and around on the floor in the midst of the soldiers. It never did go off.

There was plenty of artillery both ways. But there was Infantry and Armor. The Infantry went up against the pillboxes. The Germans fought from field fortifications around the pillboxes and then retired inside. But they weren't much better off in there. The Infantry picked them off with rifles, firing through the apertures. A German officer complained bitterly.

Then the Infantry took over the bunkers, sweated out the Jerry artillery fire and moved on again. A bunker would become the platoon CP, then the company CP and then the battalion CP or an aid station.

The attack progressed slowly. On the first day it moved just over the Wurm River, a little creek that lies along the border. There was another crossing on the second day. The Armor began to push. On the third day the Infantry was in Ubach. On the fourth day it was stymied. On the fifth day the Germans counterattacked at 0700 hours and retook six pillboxes.

The Infantry had fired 1,200 rounds of mortar fire by 1000 hours. The counterattack was stopped toward dusk and the pillboxes changed hands again.

THE weather was good. Air protection was good. People said: "Now, this is the way to fight." Infantrymen climbed up on the backs of tanks and together they captured Alsburg. It was reported that 1,300 prisoners were taken and several square miles gained. When you have been banging your head against a wall, it feels good to have the wall start to soften up.

Today was just like Indian summer back home. The sky over Palenburg and Ubach was blue, with a few high clouds. When an 88 took a pot-shot at an L-5, the burst was dead black for a second against the white of a cloud.

The 88 missed, by the way, but just barely; the L-5 shied away like a high-strung colt.

Palenburg and Ubach are almost together. Both are messed up, Ubach worse than Palenburg. The funny part of it is that the Germans did most of the messing up.

If you have had any occasion to wonder about the Germans shelling their own towns you should take a look at Ubach. It is not as bad as St. Lo or Cassino, but it will take a long time for the man who owned the hardware store to inventory his bicycle fenders and his light bulbs and to rearrange his shelves again. In the back room he had a pot of coffee on the stove. It was still there. The day-at-a-time calendar on the wall was dated two days ago.

Up the street a few doors was a beer parlor, but now all the chairs and tables were flung around in confusion. The side that fronts on the street was badly torn up. Across the street was a hotel or something. In one room there were two expensive radios and a bunch of *Reichsbank* notes on a table. The radios weren't booby-trapped, either; at least they haven't exploded yet.

You can stand in one of these houses and marvel at the effects of high explosives on a civilian home. Knitting needles, bits of cloth and 50 different kinds of buttons lie scattered around among knives, forks, legs of tables and bricks.

On the square in Ubach stood the party headquarters, with a couple of neat signs outside. Under the signs was an American soldier with a piece of burlap thrown over him. Through a hole in the burlap his chin stuck out and you could see dust on his whiskers. Inside the headquarters were some double-decker bunks. Somebody had taken a big picture of Hitler and smashed it over one of the uprights on a bunk, leaving the frame caught there.

Farther up the road were some Germans and a sheep. The sheep must have caught a direct hit because it was almost turned inside out. One German lay so mixed up in a pile of mortar and bricks that he looked like a rag doll. It was as if he never had any bones at all. Another German lay across the road, face up and yellowed the same color as the dust.

A Sherman went by. Through its turret was a hole such as you would make if you took a pencil and ran it through a piece of K-ration cheese. The Sherman was going back and its crew rode it wearily. The Infantry was passing through on either side of the street.

Down the middle of the street went a gang of German prisoners. The two forces glanced briefly at each other and walked on. In a shelter off the street sat a few old people, civilians who were past their usefulness to anybody in Germany. They wore black. In front of a wrecked beer hall stood a young guy and a girl. The young guy had on plus fours and white knitted socks, and his hair was combed back. You wondered who the hell this joker was, but the Infantry just looked at him and the girl and walked on.

THE infantrymen walked up the hill on which Ubach is perched. They were sweating in their ODs, with their overcoats tied across the tops of their packs. The sweat and the stubble on their faces caught the dust of the road. They looked as infantrymen always look when they're on the move in action—dirty, tired and numb. The artillery was blasting on four sides. Most of it was ours. The Jerry wasn't shelling as intensively today as he had yesterday and the day before.

Somebody on the street asked an infantryman what outfit it was. The tired guy looked up disinterestedly and gave the outfit's number. Then he added the company letter, using the phonetic alphabet: "Easy." It was pure irony the way he said it.

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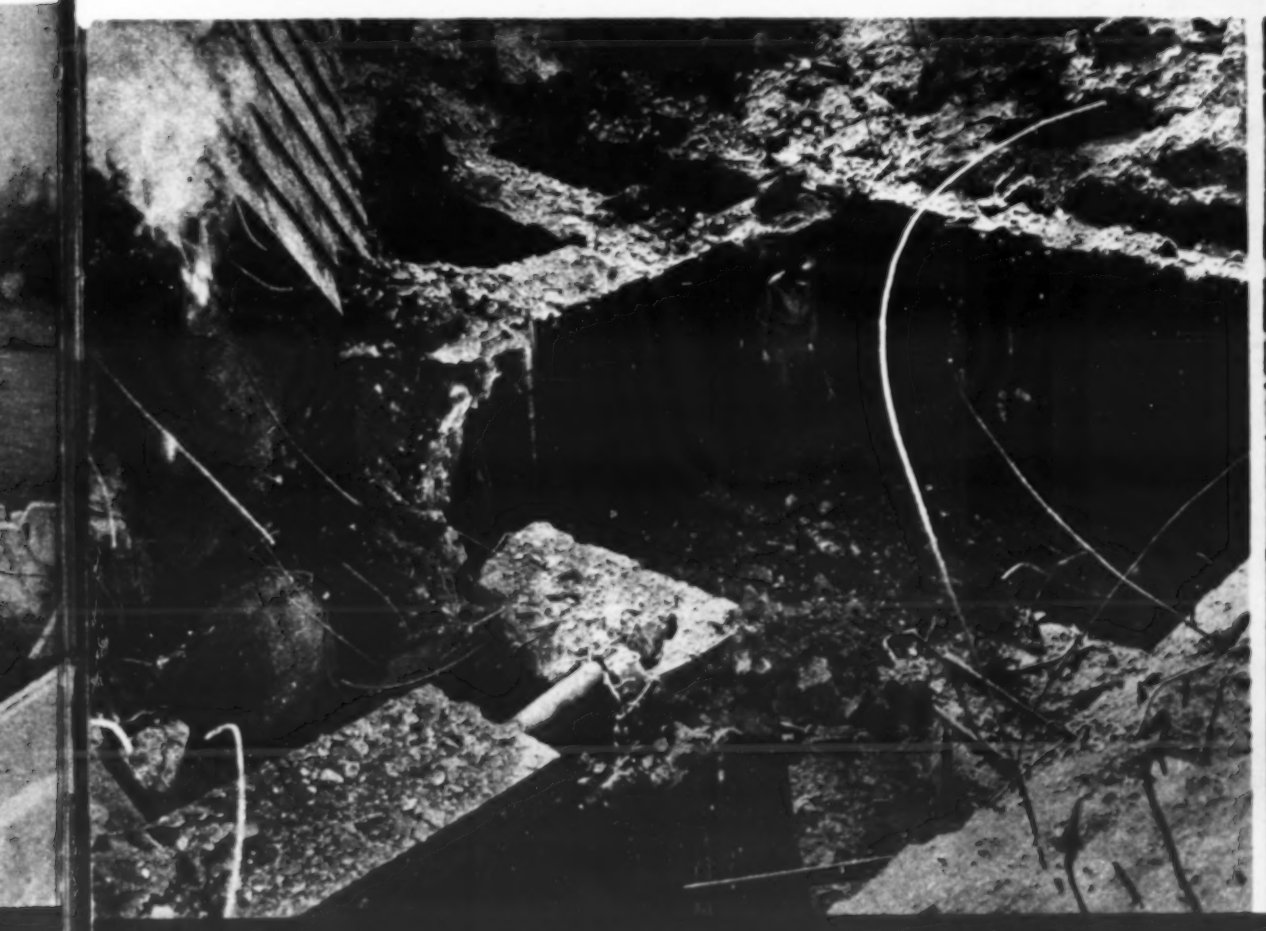


Engineers blew up some pillboxes to prevent Germans from filtering back.

Pillbox bunks, shiplike, were stacked three high. They had rope springs.

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

By Cpl. ANGUS CORLEY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—"Dear Ma," wrote a GI from the Southwest Pacific, "I certainly could use a whiff of that cold, wet San Francisco fog down here. I'll never complain about it again." Maybe *he* won't, but a lot of other San Franciscans who stayed here did plenty of bitching about the weather this year. Last spring was as cold and wet a season as the oldest Californian can remember. Some people were afraid the rain would continue right on through summer. It did.

Most native sons, though, say this kind of weather adds zest to life, and it may be that they're right. There's plenty of zest in the town in other respects even though the wide-open stuff is out. Army and Navy regulations limit men and women in uniform to beer until 5 in the afternoon, and the bars close down for everybody—soldier and civilian alike—at midnight. Liquor is sold by the bottle to servicemen for only three hours a day, between 5 and 8 P.M.

The B-girls (B for bar), who used to hang out in barrooms downtown making friends and influencing people to buy drinks, got the bum's rush some time ago. The military authorities figured they were a threat to morale and security.

Despite these restrictions, there are probably more night spots now than ever before in San Francisco. GI traffic through the town is heavy and there are long lines of ticket purchasers at every point of departure. Reservations long in advance are necessary in order to leave the Bay Area in any direction and there is now a GI ticket bureau at the Embarcadero YMCA.

The population of San Francisco, city and county, has increased by about 150,000 since the beginning of the war, and the entire Bay Area population has increased from about 2 to 2½ million. The community of Richmond, for instance, went from 20,000 people to 100,000.

There's just as much traffic along Market Street as there was before tire rationing began, although the paint jobs aren't quite as bright as they used to be. Taxis are scarce and more dilapidated than ever. The Toonerville Trolley cable cars still rattle up, down and around the hills, and the big open streetcars still clatter up and down Market Street four abreast. The voters last spring authorized the city to buy the Market Street Railway. The 5-cent fare that some lines had is out now and the 7-cent fare is city-wide. Roger D. Lapham, the city's new mayor, is given credit for putting through the streetcar deal.

There's so much traffic across the Bay Bridge to Treasure Island and Oakland that there's talk of building another after the war. Sailors now drill on Treasure Island among the nude statues and fountains of the 1938 World's Fair, and the modernistic fair buildings have been converted by the Navy into mess halls and barracks.

MONDAY is really Blue Monday. Most of the night spots shut down on that day because of shortages of food, liquor and help. The International Settlement on Pacific Avenue shuts down almost entirely on that night, and some places close two nights a week.

There's a shortage of beer, particularly the well-known Eastern brews, and only a handful of places serve draft beer. Good whisky in places like the Top of the Mark costs about half a buck a shot and cocktails run a little higher. In some places whisky and cocktails are 35 cents a drink.

The Top of the Mark, incidentally, is one of the places visited by all GIs coming to San Francisco, whether or not they are native sons. The place, which affords a magnificent view of the seaport, is crowded every night with GIs and brass of all ranks. For a little while the place was off limits to GIs because it was charged that a sailor who was under 21 had been served a drink. The case was settled after a few days, but now the management inquires carefully about the age of any beardless youth suspected of being under the age when it is considered proper to drink or vote.

One of the most famous drinking joints in town, the upstairs speakeasy type of barroom that was run by Izzy Gomez on Pacific Avenue, was closed when the 300-pound proprietor died recently. The Black Cat, another favorite gin mill, was closed to GIs for a couple of months because of a battle royal that brought out the gendarmes, but the customers simply moved across Montgomery Street to the Iron Pot.

Most movie theaters have reduced prices for servicemen, and most of the performances in the Civic Center group are free for GIs, including the symphony and chamber-music concerts in the Art Gallery. The Geary and Curran Theaters, side by side on Geary Street, have a nightly fare of legitimate plays and musicals. All but the most expensive seats are sold well in advance for the opera season at the Memorial Opera House. The burlesque houses do capacity business, but followers of this art form insist the best strippers have gone into fields of entertainment where there is more money.

The baseball season ended with San Francisco winning the Pacific Coast League play-off by defeating Los Angeles. The Seals tied with Oakland for third place during the regular season race, in which Los Angeles took the pennant.

In football, Abraham Lincoln High School is favored to repeat this year in winning the championship among the 10 schools of the Academic Athletic Association. Balboa High figures after the Mustangs. And in college ball, Santa Clara, the University of San Francisco and Stanford are still sitting the seasons out. The University of California at Berkeley, however, has a strong team this year, and so has St. Mary's Pre-Flight. Jim Phelan at St. Mary's College, on the other side of the campus from Pre-Flight, turned out one brilliant team of 17-year-olds last season and figures to turn out another first-rate bunch.

ALL over town are USOs, most of them pretty elaborate set-ups. There is a Stage Door Canteen, the CIO has a large canteen open from Thursday through Sunday, and at the Pepsi-Cola Service Center everything is free but the food, which is sold at a nickel an item.

Some servicemen, particularly sailors, make extra dough by helping out along the water front where there is a shortage of longshoremen. The Government encourages this, and the regular union scale is paid.

The longshoremen are proud of their record of not having had a strike since long before Pearl

Harbor. The old deportation case against the West Coast longshore leader, Australian-born Harry Bridges, is still in the courts, but that hasn't prevented his union from opening negotiations for a new wage contract with the Waterfront Employers' Association.

You've probably been hearing stories about the high wages received by war workers, but according to credit managers of the department stores, whose business is to know such things, the average weekly pay check in the shipyards is about $50—and that's before deductions are made for taxes and Social Security.

Theoretically, prices have been frozen at the level which prevailed in April 1943, and the local OPA has ordered a roll-back in the price of some 20 restaurant items to the level of October 1942. Coffee, for instance, is supposed to be a nickel a cup in restaurants but most of them still charge a dime. The OPA is trying to enforce its ceiling prices but is handicapped by a shortage of investigators. Servicemen have been asked to report all cases of overcharges, and the OPA has prosecuted a few chiselers who've been turned in.

Because of the housing shortage, entire new neighborhoods have sprung up. For instance, at Candlestick Cove, near Hunter's Point, a settlement of neat temporary dwellings put up not long after Pearl Harbor is now a self-contained community, with all municipal services provided for its residents. The only thing it lacks is a squad of women police such as was organized downtown to replace cops called to a higher duty.

Temporary barracks for war workers have been built in downtown San Francisco in front of the City Hall in Civic Center. But apartments and rooms are still hard to find, and there is a strict ceiling on rents.

THE skyline has been changed somewhat by the long-delayed completion of the new Federal Appraisers Building at Sansome and Washington, near the old Customs House. The building is of white marble, 15 stories high, and is designed to be earthquakeproof.

Fisherman's Wharf still looks the same as it always did—fishing boats, nets drying, and piles of crabs and shrimp. Part of the wharf area is restricted, however, and Army and Navy guards are posted at the foot of Taylor Street.

A landmark of the rough old seaport days changed recently when the Harbor Police Station at Harbor and Front was closed. The cops were transferred to other beats and their job of patrolling the water-front area was taken over jointly by the Army, Navy and Coast Guard.

Historian Philip Guedalla observed once that if a man rolled a dime down California Street hill, it would gain enough speed to kill a horse when it reached the bottom, provided it didn't knock down a Chinese at the corner of Grand Avenue. Well, San Francisco's Chinese population is as much a part of the picture as ever. The Chinese held a celebration recently in honor of the 7-7-7 feast—the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventh year of the war with Japan. It reminded some people of the Chinese New Year's celebrations, which have been toned down somewhat since the war.

Today Historian Guedalla's dime would be more likely to bowl over a T-5 and his girl rubbernecking near a Chinese lamppost at Grand Avenue. Or it might smash a GI six-by-six to hell and gone somewhere around the Ferry Building. But it's still San Francisco.

This Week's Cover

DURING a pause in the advance toward Berlin, Pfc. Edward L. Schronce of Belmont, N. C., cleans up at a hydrant in Villedieu, France. Schronce is a member of an antitank unit. For Sgt. Mack Morriss' two stories on the Infantry fighting in the Nazis' famed Siegfried Line, see pages 2, 3, 4, 5.

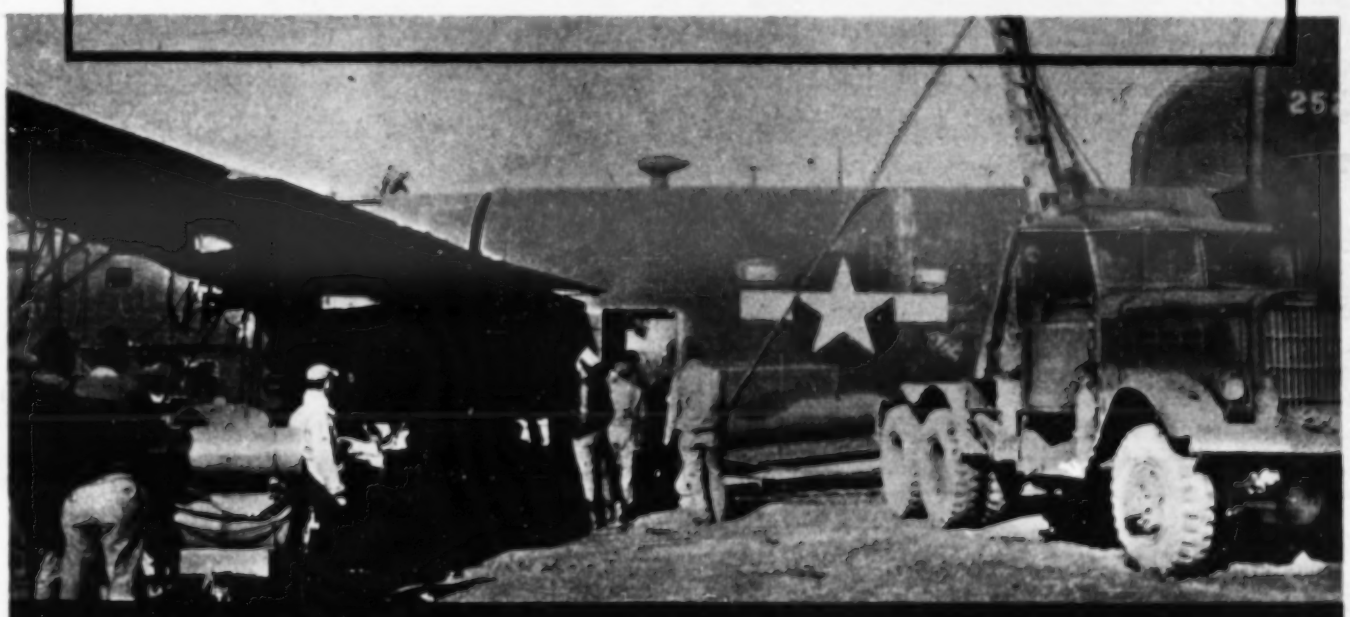
PHOTO CREDITS. Cover & 2—Signal Corps. 3—PA. 4 & 5—Signal Corps. 6—Drawing from photo by Fabry-Kauffman. 7—Fifteenth Air Force. 8 & 9—Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 10—Sgt. Bill Young. 11—Signal Corps, PCD. 12—Signal Corps. 13—Upper right, PA; lower left, Acme; others, Signal Corps. 18—Upper left, Moses Lake AAF, Wash.; upper right, AAFTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.; lower left, AAFTC, Scott Field, Ill. 19—Center left, PRO, Sam Houston, Tex.; lower left, First Air Force, Dover AAF, Del.; center right, Signal Corps; lower right, AAFTC, Lowry Field, Colo. 20—20th Century-Fox. 21—Left, Pvt. Pat Coffey; center, Larry Gordon; right, Universal. 22—Upper, Sgt. Ben Schnall; lower, Sgt. Dil Ferris.

One of the bombers smacked down flat on its nose. Its forward section was shattered and useless.

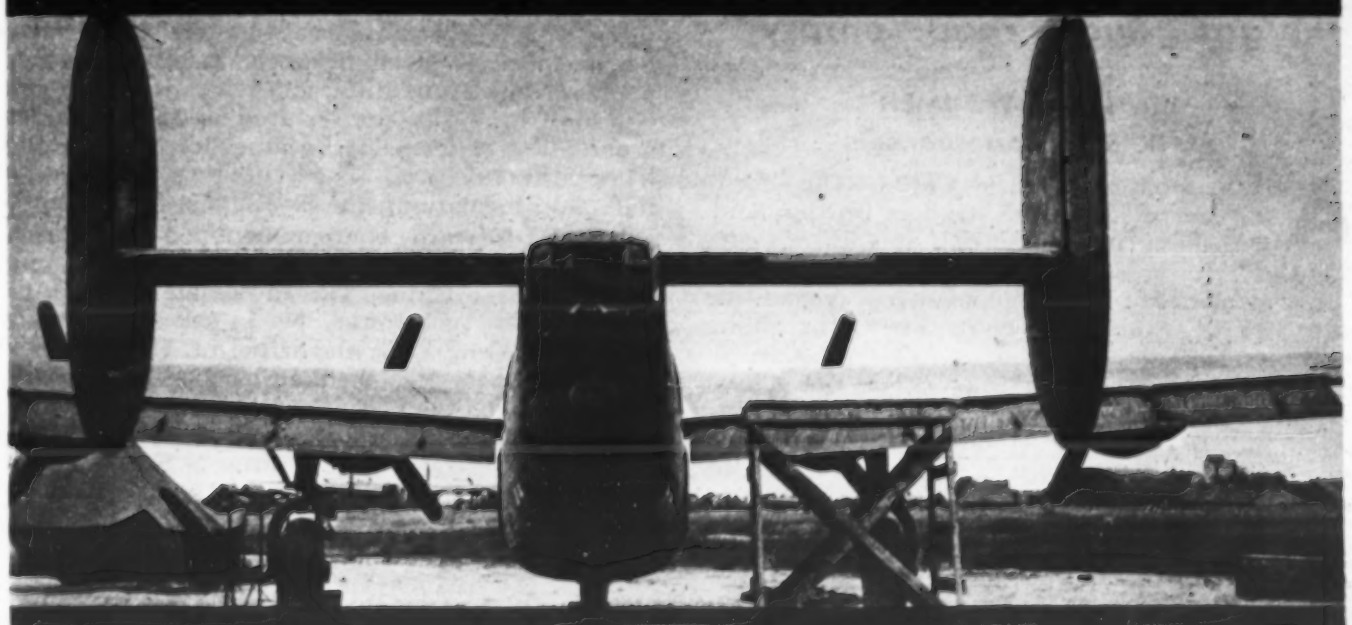
The other Liberator met a fate exactly opposite. In its case the tail was snapped beyond repair.

Bomber + Bomber = Bomber

When a Liberator crashed on the runway of a Fifteenth AAF base in Italy, pessimists Lt. Harry Langham and T/Sgt. Vernon Shaffer waited for another crash and left the wreck untouched. A month later, a second B-24 smashed up nearby. Optimists Langham and Shaffer built a new plane out of the two wrecks. And it flew.

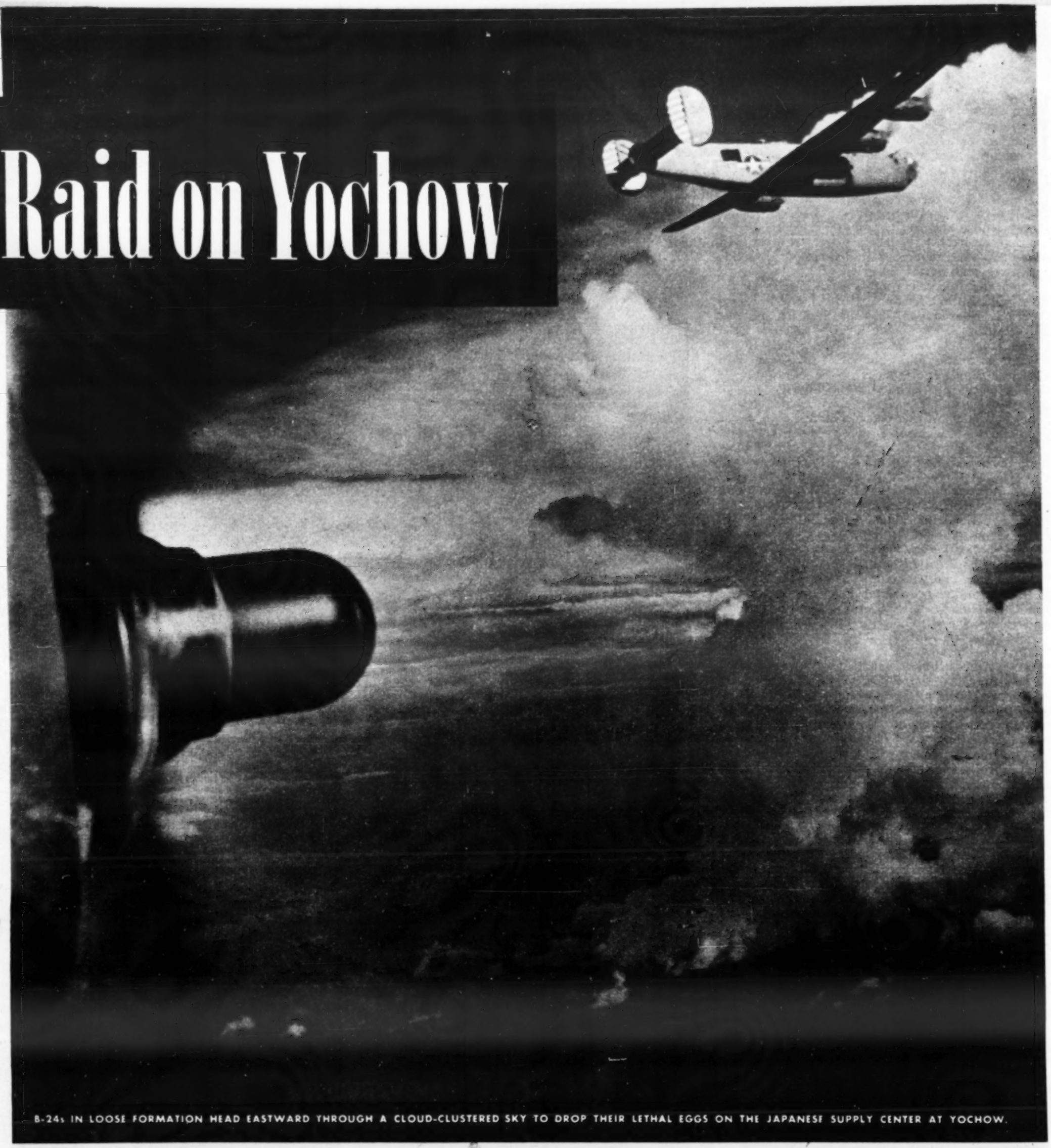


Tail of one plane, nose and wings of the other have been detached. Will they fit snugly together?



They will and they do. This is the finished jigsaw plane, ready and able to fly back into combat.

Raid on Yochow



B-24s IN LOOSE FORMATION HEAD EASTWARD THROUGH A CLOUD-CLUSTERED SKY TO DROP THEIR LETHAL EGGS ON THE JAPANESE SUPPLY CENTER AT YOCHOW.

Returning from a bombing mission, the China Clipper still had one hour's flying time to go when the gas gauges read "empty."

Sgt. LOUIS STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

A HEAVY BOMBER BASE IN CHINA—The morning sun, a long-time stranger on this field, was doing its best to dry up the mud and puddles left on runways and taxi strips by 48 hours of monsoon rains. Whoever had picked this day for the raid on Yochow knew his China weather.

One by one the four motors of the *China Clipper* whined and then roared to life. The battered old B-24 lumbered out of its earthwork revetment like a clumsy cow. It taxied to the end of the runway, poised there for a moment with props flailing the air and the whole ship straining, then was airborne.

Lt. Robert J. Nolan of Los Angeles, Calif., the pilot, put the *Clipper* into a long steep climb. Ahead and above were two more B-24s. Behind, another ship rose from the field.

The rendezvous point was 11,000 feet over a certain landmark. When the *Clipper* and the three other Liberators reached this point, they began to circle it in leisurely fashion as other planes, some from different fields, joined them. Gradually the sky for an area of several miles around the rendezvous became dotted with the trim powerful ships. Then, in a series of loose four-ship formations, the battle fleet headed east.

In the forward compartment of the *China Clipper*, crew members settled down for the long trip over Free China. The radioman, T/Sgt. Arsenio Stabile of Orange, N. J., sat in his chair reading an *Omnibook* magazine. Lt. Frank Ciesla Jr. of Chicago, Ill., the bombardier, sat on his parachute and looked pensively out the blister window at a bullet hole received in No. 2 cowling on a previous raid. Tall, skinny S/Sgt. William Croner of Yeadon, Pa., top-turret gunner, sat on the floor, his back resting against the sliding panel leading to the bomb bays. Up front Lt. Charles F. Melville of Hartford, Conn., co-pilot, sat at the controls beside Lt. Nolan. It grew cold.

China—its mountains, gorges, rivers, towns and flooded rice paddies — passed slowly below the planes. Only when a series of giant thunderheads appeared, and the formation had to climb to a considerable altitude to clear their tops, did the speed seem great. At one spot a giant waterfall cascaded from a mountain cliff. Once the formation passed directly over a rainbow that was not the groundling's vertical half circle but a perfect ring of colors parallel with the earth's surface.

TODAY'S mission was against Yochow, the funnel through which almost all Jap supplies were pouring on their way to the front by river, rail and road. Our job was to plug up the funnel.

It was time to pick up the fighter escort—and there they were. Above and below the formation and off to the sides, tiny P-40s of the Chinese-American Composite Wing joined the fight. There were about three Chinese pilots to every American in this outfit, proud of the example of Chinese-American teamwork or *"Gung Hao!"* they were setting.

Now the gunners were at their stations, and when the pilot gave an order to clear the guns, a series of short sharp bursts came from several parts of the ship. Soon the bombers began to edge closer to one another, like a herd of sheep trying to keep warm. It was a precision-bomber formation now—not quite wing tip to wing tip like fighters in formation, but close enough so that the pilots had to keep delicate hands on their controls.

Aboard the *China Clipper* the crew members put on short heavy flak vests and took extra long drags through their oxygen masks. Lt. Ciesla slid open the panel leading to the bomb bays and disappeared, on his way to the bombsight in the bottom of the ship's nose.

The formation and escort were flying now over a region of lakes and rivers and moist tracts not far from the target. Ahead and then directly below appeared the broad flight strip of a Jap airfield, Paluchi, its revetments, buildings and a few parked fighters tempting targets for the bombardiers. But Paluchi had been hit before and would be hit again. Today was Yochow.

Rt-rt-rt-rt-rt-rt-rt! The tail and top turret guns of a B-24 at 10 o'clock spurted gunfire. Then the *China Clipper* herself sounded like a convention of woodpeckers, and her compartments filled with the acrid smell of gunfire.

There were Jap fighters crowding us—mixed in with the P-40s and hard to distinguish from a distance. Now we could make out the Japs—behind, above, ahead. The P-40s bore into them like infuriated mosquitoes, circling and swerving. Far out and down, at 7 o'clock, a Jap fighter plummeted like a comet into Tungting Lake.

The formation flew on unbroken and purposefully. Wooooooosh! From nowhere came a streak of silver, a bright red tomato insignia and several short machine-gun bursts. A silver Jap fighter of the new Tojo type, with a stubby oversize motor and short squat wings like our P-47, blazed right through the formation of B-24s, so close that it seemed to want to ram the *Clipper*.

Croner at his top turret got in one quick burst on the Jap, then held his fire for fear of hitting the other B-24s. Lt. Nolan's hands on the control wheel whitened at the knuckles, but he held the ship on course. As the Tojo broke out of the formation, two P-40s jumped her tail. She, too, went down to a watery grave.

There was Yochow now, sprawled by Tungting Lake. Small sampans and some larger craft dotted the water, clustering like waterbugs around the docks. There were the railroad marshaling yards, the particular target assigned to the *Clipper* and her squadron. Rolling stock and buildings and the network of silver rails sat waiting for the bombs.

Pretty black bursts flowered open in the sky around the formation, some quite close to the *Clipper*. The flak bursts became more intense and closer. All over the sky the fighters played their deadly game of follow the leader. The formation flew on unbroken, the bomb-bay doors of all ships now yawning wide.

Tons of heavy bombs dropped in neat patterns of destruction on the Japs. Bombs from the *China Clipper* and its squadron angled across the marshaling yards. A few fell short and some fell long, but a good number walked with giant steps across the yards, sending up fountains of tracks and rolling stock, tearing great holes in roadbeds, and demolishing roundhouses, locomotives and repair shops. Bombs from the other squadrons wrecked docks and burned and blasted warehouses.

Out over the lake again there was no more flak, but the angry Jap fighters still pursued us, trying to break off combat with the P-40s long enough to make a pass at the bombers. Very few succeeded, and more Japs died in the attempt.

At last the unbroken formation flew again through peaceful skies over Free China, its P-40 escort still watchful. In the *China Clipper* the tension of combat was broken. Ciesla came up again to the forward compartment and Croner descended from his high chair behind the guns. S/Sgt. Walter Salzmann of Philadelphia, Pa., came in from his station at the tail guns and joined the waist gunners, S/Sgt. Winston Siebert of Connersville, Ind., and S/Sgt. Bob Sanschagain of Central Falls, R. I., for an exchange of tall marksmanship tales.

Up front there was much talk about the accuracy of the bombing and of Croner's burst at the Tojo that almost rammed the *Clipper's* nose. But what everybody talked about was the work of the Chinese and American P-40 pilots. Flying their slower P-40s, they had met a roughly equal force of the latest types of Jap fighters, had kept the Japs from breaking up the bomber formation and had shot down six planes.

It was late afternoon now and the P-40s had peeled off over their home base. The B-24s had gone east in the morning, heading into the sun. Now they were homeward bound, flying west in loose formation into the setting sun.

The main gasoline gauges of the *Clipper* were registering too low. Lt. John P. Charleton of Hinton, W. Va., the navigator, figured the *Clipper* was still two hours from home base.

T/Sgt. Charles Barber of Baltimore, Md., the engineer, went amidships to begin transferring fuel from body tanks to wing tanks. He came back a little later looking funny and reported to the pilot: "The pumps work okay, but the fuel won't transfer. Must be something wrong with the lines." Then he went back to try again.

The main gauges indicated just a few points above empty. Barber still couldn't make the fuel transfer. The pilot ordered all wing tanks equalized, the same amount of gas for each motor. This would prevent any one motor from conking out, but it meant that all four motors might stop about the same time. And now the main gauges read "empty."

One hour's flying time remained. No one knew for sure how much gas was left.

The earth below was in darkness now, though there were still red rays of the setting sun in the sky. Lt. Nolan, trying to get the most miles out of his unknown number of gallons, had slowed down the *Clipper*, dropping far behind the formation. Only two or three planes were visible against the red horizon ahead.

Charleton reckoned there was still 45 minutes to go. Within the *China Clipper* the nervous tension grew thick and terrible. Two or three men stood in the doorway of the pilot's compartment reporting about fuel transfer or reading the dashboard indicators or just watching the pilot's face. Some put on their parachutes, bumping together in the confined space. Croner sat silently against the bomb-bay panel again, his head and hands between his knees, his face white—what could be seen of it behind his oxygen mask. Ciesla lay prone on his parachute with his eyes closed, his face white. Melville snapped on the buckles of his parachute. Everyone spoke quietly.

Yochow in the sunlight, with flak bursting close by and Jap planes boring in, had been exciting and high adventure. Everyone had been too busy to be afraid, and anyway getting shot down was something that always happened to the other guy. But now in the cabin of the *China Clipper* fear was in everyone's heart and almost everyone's face. The prospect of jumping into black space from high altitude was not pleasant.

Barely visible on the horizon appeared the landmark everyone had been straining to see. It was still 20 minutes away, the navigator figured. The four motors kept on purring, even though for many minutes the gas gauges had registered "empty." Pilot Nolan snapped on the buckles of his parachute.

At last the plane flew over a city of lights and a long flight strip—the home field. But other planes were circling for a landing. The pilot spoke to the tower and explained the *Clipper's* predicament. He was told to circle and make one excruciating turn around the field. The next couple of minutes were crucial.

The pilot pushed forward on the wheel and the ship dove sharply for several thousand feet. At a nod from the pilot, Melville threw the landing-gear lever and the wheels groaned down. The brilliant fingers of the ship's landing lights were reaching out for the ground now, and the landing flaps were down. In a long heavy lunge, at reduced speed, the *China Clipper* cleared the edge of the home field and came in to a perfect landing.

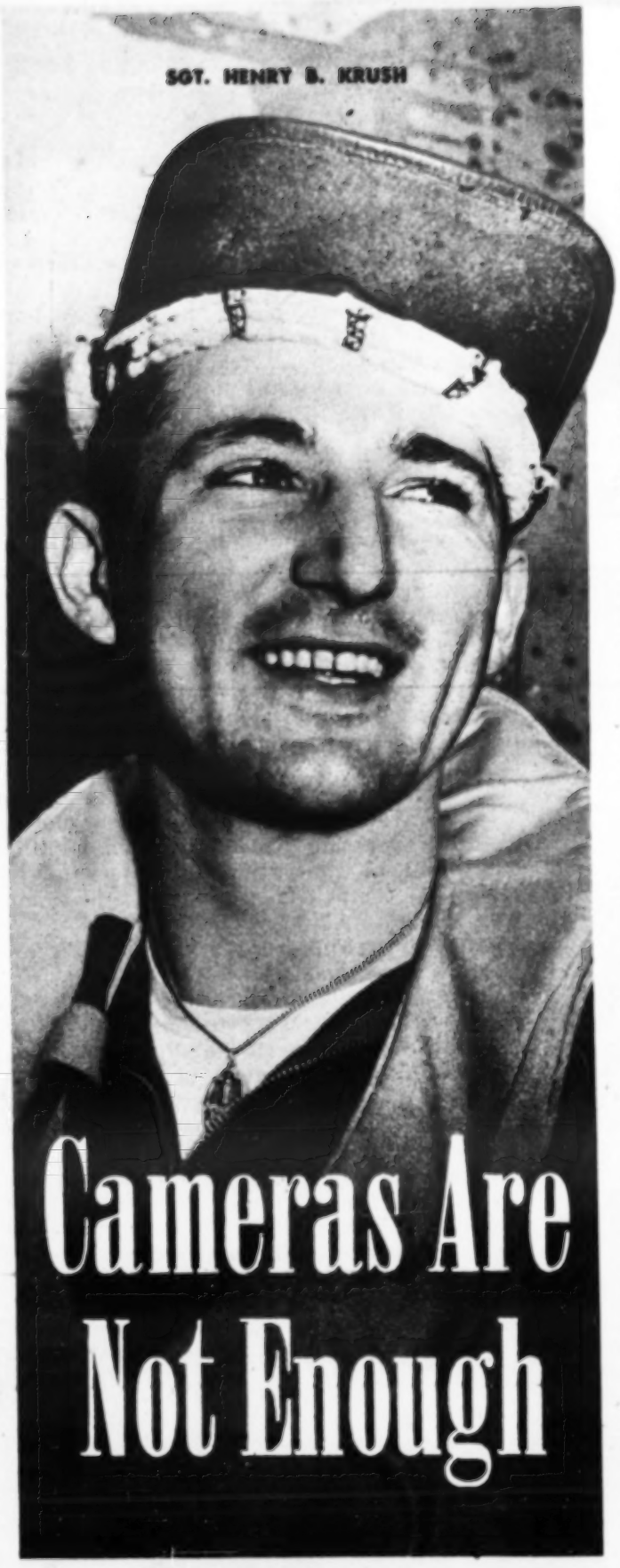
Later, measuring rods dropped into the wing gas tanks revealed there was gas for less than 10 minutes more of flight.

CLIPPER CREW. FRONT ROW, L TO R: S SGT. WINSTON SIEBERT, S SGT. ROBERT SANSCHAGAIN, T SGT. ARSENIO STABILE, S SGT. WILLIAM CRONER, S SGT. WALTER SALZMANN. IN THE REAR: T SGT. CHARLES BARBER, LT. FRANK CIESLA JR., LT. ROBERT NOLAN, LT. CHARLES MELVILLE AND LT. JOHN CHARLETON.

Cameras Are Not Enough

An Air Forces photographer acts as infantryman, medic and aerial gunner in getting his pictures of the fighting in the Pacific.

By Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent



SGT. HENRY B. KRUSH

A CENTRAL PACIFIC BASE—Sgt. Henry B. Krush is a photographer assigned to the Seventh Air Force, and all he wants to do is take pictures. Somehow, though, fate—in the form of Japs—always interferes with the shutter-snapping part of his job and he generally has to shoot his way out with something a little more effective than a camera.

During the Saipan operations, Krush was driven out to Nafutan Point and dropped off near a cave he wanted to photograph. He told the jeep driver to come back in a little while to pick him up and then settled down to take his pictures. The point had been "secured" several days before and Krush was leisurely looking at his exposure meter when three shots came from the cave.

Two of them whistled past but the third scraped along Krush's left arm, went through his breast pocket and tore the lens off the camera hanging on his chest. Krush dropped down and "played dead." He heard the sniper working closer for another try.

Krush took three quick shots at the Jap with his .45, missed completely and then took a little more care and knocked him off with three more shots. Then Krush went back to taking pictures, using another camera.

His 23d birthday came last Jan. 19, and Krush spent it in a rubber raft, tossing around in the Pacific not far from Mille Atoll, southernmost of the Marshalls' eastern chain. The Marshalls at that time were enemy bases and D Day at Kwajalein was still 11 days away.

The *Battling Bitch*, a B-25 whose six-man crew had taken Krush along for the raid on Mille, was at the bottom of the ocean. Five members of the crew were in two rafts. The navigator had gone down with the plane.

"This was a new squadron," Krush recalls, "and the strike on Mille was its first combat. Before the strike, the men were sort of nervous and asked me what raids were like. I told them Mille was a soft touch; the Seventh had been blasting it so much the place was all but knocked out. 'A push-over,' I told them."

It had started off fine, but a Jap patrol plane had sighted the Mitchells many miles from Mille and alerted the atoll.

"The ack-ack over the atoll looked like a wire fence," says Krush. The *Bitch* was hit, but nobody noticed it, and the bombs were dropped okay. Krush kneeled by a waist window, thinking happily of the damaged installations and burning planes he had just photographed. Then he saw a stream of oil pour out of the port engine and grow in the slipstream until it was a cone of spray the size of the propeller. The *Bitch* started to climb on one engine and Krush started to think about the parachute he didn't have.

When he had climbed into the *Bitch* at the start of the mission, someone had remembered that no extra chutes were aboard. "Don't worry," he had laughed. "We'll never get enough altitude to use one anyhow."

He was right, at that. The plane leveled off at about 30 feet. They threw overboard everything that was loose—flak vests, ammunition, guns. Someone grabbed for his camera but he held on.

The *Battling Bitch* hit a wave and the whole bottom peeled off. "We were tossed around inside like popcorn," he said. "If we hadn't been wearing helmets, it would have been too bad.

"Next thing I was under water. I kicked and threw my arms around but couldn't find the floor, ceiling or anything solid. Then I felt a guy's fanny in front of me and groping around him caught hold of the edges of a waist window."

As the man ahead of him crawled through the window, the broken fuselage gained buoyancy, and Krush found a narrow space between the surface of the water and the top of the cabin in which to gasp for breath. He and a gunner outside the window pushed and pulled a life raft and an airtight food container out of the plane and Krush followed.

The pilot was the only member of the crew badly hurt. Krush, who had once been a medic, crawled into the pilot's raft to tend his wounds.

They were all seasick. Krush had to brace himself against the wild pitching of the raft as he tried to stanch the flow of blood from the pilot's head. The bandages from the raft's first-aid kit were soaked with salt water. Krush had to stop frequently and vomit—sometimes over the side but occasionally, when the heavy sea threw him off balance, on the injured flyer's legs. The pilot kept asking for the navigator; nobody told him the navigator had gone down.

Even after several hours the men were still seasick and retched repeatedly, dryly and painfully. The tropical sun roasted them. They expected the Japs would show up at any moment. The co-pilot took out a rosary and began to pray. "Every time his fingers moved along the beads," Krush says, "I would say a 'Hail Mary' or an 'Our Father.'"

Six hours later a PBY Catalina flew into sight with an escort of P-39s. "It was wonderful," says Krush. "We laughed, hollered and threw kisses at the planes." The men were brought back to an advanced base and taken immediately to a hospital. Everybody but Krush was kept there by the medical officers. He got out of it by promising to rest for several days in his own tent.

ONCE before he had felt ill but avoided sick call because he was afraid of missing a chance to fly. That time he went along on a dusk raid over Maloelap, a strongly defended atoll in the Marshalls.

Krush's plane, as usual, was shot up. It was hit by bullets from Zeros as well as ack-ack. Krush's pilot, an extremely eager beaver, broke formation to strafe the Jap airstrip. He was left behind the flight and Krush had to man a waist gun until the bomber caught up with the formation and the Zeros pulled away. Despite a punctured oil line, the plane managed to hold formation and make a safe landing.

Krush stepped out of the plane with pictures of the sinking of a Jap destroyer and a freighter. He also had a temperature of 102.4 and dengue fever, for which he was hospitalized.

KRUSH, whose home is in Jamaica, on Long Island, N. Y., has been on active duty since October 1939. He was a member of a National Guard Field Artillery regiment, then a medic for a while and then an artilleryman again. He reached Hawaii in March 1942 and talked someone into giving him a transfer to the Seventh AAF as a photographer in public relations. He'd fooled around a bit with cameras at home.

For a year he studied with Lt. Hulburt Boroughs of Los Angeles, Calif., and M/Sgt. Clyde A. Henderson of Wichita Falls, Tex. His instructors were assigned to a section later named the Documentary and Combat Photography Unit. It was as a member of this group that Krush made his first trip south in November 1943, while the task forces that were to take the Gilbert Islands were steaming toward their objectives.

His first action, the model for most of those that followed, was, as he says, "screwy from start to finish." It was a B-24 attack on Nauru, a Jap stronghold located about 2,500 miles southwest of Honolulu.

"Our bomb-bay doors stuck and our radio broke down on the way into the target," he said later. "I was with the flight leader, and he circled left to pull out of AA range and to get the doors open. There was no AA yet although we were at 10,000 and it was midafternoon. And on the second run the Japs in the control tower gave us the green light—the signal to land."

The doors wouldn't open and because the radio was out the pilot couldn't tell the other planes in the flight what he was up to. "They kept following us around," says Krush, "probably chuckling and thinking the skipper had doped out some tricky maneuver to baffle the Japs. It did baffle them—for a while."

By the time the bomb-bay doors opened and the lead plane came in for the pay run, the Japs had brushed up on their aircraft recognition and had the bomber's altitude figured out right down to the foot. The flak was thick. One piece hit Krush's range finder and he had to guess on the rest of his photographs. All the Liberators were holed by ack-ack, but they all returned.

Krush's next raid was unique—for him. Nothing happened to him or his plane, and the mission was accomplished effectively and according to plan. The next one, however, made up for it in excitement. His Liberator had hit the target and was heading for home when Krush left his place at a waist window to see what was going on amidship. He found the bomb-bay doors still open and the bombardier standing on the narrow catwalk, struggling with three 100-pound bombs jammed in their racks. The arming fins were spinning wildly in the rush of wind coming through the plane's open belly.

Characteristically, Krush's first thought was to take pictures of the bombardier silhouetted against the ocean 12,000 feet below. When he felt he had enough pictures he crawled down on the catwalk to help. Krush and the bombardier together bent the fins of the bombs so they would stop spinning, then loosened the jam and eased the bombs overboard.

"There must have been Somebody taking care of us that time," says Krush.

Krush is firm in his belief in that Somebody. The men at the B-25 base were assembled for mass one Sunday when the Catholic chaplain told a story of one man in the outfit who, he said, believed he owed his safe return from combat missions to the rabbit's foot he carried.

Everyone in the congregation turned to look at Krush. He fingered the religious medal he wears on a chain around his neck. After mass he stopped to talk to the chaplain.

"I wish you'd tell the fellows," he said, "that you weren't talking about me. It wasn't any rabbit's foot that brought me back. It was God."

Krush was completely serious, for religion to him is a vital, living thing—as much a part of his life as the C and K rations he eats. "Funny thing," he says. "Just before that last flight I got a letter from my mother. She wrote she had a feeling I'd be protected and that she knew that after the war I'd return home safe and sound. She said: 'Miracles do happen.'"

Krush looked deadly serious. "I guess," he said with awe, "they do."

Waiting War in Panama

GIs at the Big Ditch have been sweating out enemy attack since Pearl Harbor. They don't expect one now, but they're ready.

By Sgt. JOHN HAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

PANAMA—The war is getting closer to the Japanese mainland and farther away from Panama, but the GIs here still man the guns on the hilltops, pull guard near the locks and turn the searchlights on approaching planes at night.

The Pearl Harbor tension has long since disappeared. Instead of constant alerts, feverish work and nervous waiting, the Yanks in Panama go about the business of keeping their positions in shape, cleaning their guns, getting instruction in camouflage and aircraft recognition, taking orientation courses and going out on jungle problems.

When the men in Panama get a pass to town they can ride in a *chiva*, the local version of the Toonerville Trolley; go to the movies, or drink *cerveza*, the national brew.

The transition from Pearl Harbor days, when Panama expected an attack at any time, to the present period of static defense, has been a tough one to make.

Right after Dec. 7, 1941, Air Forces men streaked to their planes when alerts sounded, infantrymen carried out problems in the jungles at night and ack-ack gunners slept by their guns with their clothes on. During the first two or three days after Pearl Harbor the men in the outposts got no sleep. They were getting ready for the worst that could hit them.

S/Sgt. Leonard Byczynski of Buffalo, N. Y., was a radar maintenance man in those days.

"We used to have alerts any time of the day or night," he says. "The boys were trigger happy, ready to shoot at shadows and full of all kinds of rumors. Enemy carriers and planes were supposed to be headed our way. Once we heard about an enemy sub in a place where it turned out later to be only three feet deep. We were all keyed up. If we were lucky enough to have a movie come to our position, we went with helmets on and clips loaded. We slept and ate outdoors at our posts in all kinds of weather.

"For months after Pearl Harbor we waited and waited for those Japs. We wanted them to come, but we got a let-down instead."

Fighting has not come to Panama. It's still mud, sweat, rain and a good deal of monotony and will continue to be as long as the Canal and its approaches are to be defended.

The Big Ditch remains one of America's most vital targets. It saves 8,000 miles on the New York-to-San Francisco route around the tip of South America. But the Canal is more than a quick way to shuttle ships and supplies between two oceans. It is a powerful supply and repair base, situated near the U. S. and a focal point of world shipping lanes.

Here's how the defense set-up works. For miles at sea off both coasts, from Central America down to South America, planes are constantly on patrol, looking for subs and watching approaching ships. Around the Canal itself, the hills are covered with antiaircraft positions, searchlight batteries and observation posts.

If an enemy should attack, say with a carrier task force, Panama's defense plans would go into operation while the enemy was still many miles off the coast. Patrol bombers would strike first in an attempt to destroy the enemy vessels. If the enemy carriers launched any planes, they would be met by our interceptors. If enemy forces made a landing, the men manning the Coast Artillery guns and the infantrymen of Panama's Mobile Force would be waiting.

THE GIs in this area began the tremendous work of building up the defenses a year and a half before Pearl Harbor. Plans were drawn, positions were marked for ack-ack and searchlight batteries and observation posts. Then soldiers had to hack their way with bolos through the thick, wet jungle, up mountains and across swamps and rivers. That was only the beginning. After the pioneer work was done, they had to get guns, generators, searchlights, lumber and cement up to the new clearings. Sometimes they could get close with trucks; often they had to haul the stuff in with mules, by boat and on foot.

S/Sgt. Lincoln Marette, an infantryman in the Panama Mobile Force, was in the Engineers in 1940, servicing outposts with supplies and ammunition. "Brother," he says, "in those days the GIs were really sweating, working night and day, getting drenched in the rainy season and baked in the dry. After cutting a swath up through the virgin jungle, some units had a bulldozer to pave the way for the big equipment, but many had to do the whole thing without any help. They hauled their guns and searchlights up those hills any way they could—like getting ropes and tackle and pulling them up. I got around a lot then, and it seemed like the whole Isthmus was just swarming with men working on the defense."

The men were working against time. They had to take in their stride such obstacles as the red, sticky mud, the insects and the malaria, the heat and rain. Very often equipment was unobtainable. They "borrowed" lumber, cement and gravel wherever they could find it. Every position was built entirely by soldier labor. After the guns and searchlights were installed and roads were built, the men set up barracks and mess halls to replace tents and hutments.

When the emplacements and buildings were established, the GIs hauled up the equipment to make them livable. They hiked over the trails with lumber, stoves and kerosene refrigerators. Before they laid pipes and set up their water tanks, they had to carry up their water, too.

Later they cleared the jungle around their outposts and planted patches of corn and potatoes, or bananas and pineapples. Some of the GIs had a few chickens and ducks, and many had dogs, monkeys and coati-mondis.

The men of the Mobile Force, who are Panama's infantrymen, are kept busy. Jungle platoons are trained in reconnaissance. They are called upon to go into the interior to check on rumors of enemy activity and they act as "mercy troopers" in rescuing fallen airmen. They have learned how to hack their way through thick jungle growth and how to get through swamps and over mountains where even pack mules give up. Some have been in country where the natives had never seen a white man.

Since Pearl Harbor, they have gone through intensive jungle-combat training. They have applied the lessons of fighting in the Pacific, attacking replicas of Jap pillboxes and crossing streams under fire with full equipment.

Soldiers of the Mobile Force have also been used as guinea pigs for testing equipment. They have marched for days just to see how long it takes to wear the shoes off their feet. Clothing and equipment of all kinds have been given a rough going-over in Panama before being adopted as standard for the combat areas.

The men of the Sixth Air Force have to contend with the unpredictable weather of the Caribbean area. Troop-carrier planes fly to South and Central America day after day, over mountains that throw up treacherous air currents and above impenetrable jungles. Patrol bombers go out on long, boring flights over the ocean. Fighter squadrons practice constantly to take care of an enemy who has never appeared.

The ground crews — mechanics, parachute packers, radio operators, weather control men—are doing their job, too. The air defense of the Canal and the Caribbean is in good order.

No amount of talk about the importance of the Canal will quite cancel the feeling of the defenders of Panama that they are out of the war. They are ready to repel an attack and they are waiting for it, even if it never comes. But the war is not as tangible to them as it is to the men in Europe or the Pacific.

The GIs in Panama may be sweating out the end of the war, but—whether they fully realize it or not—they have helped and are helping to make that end possible. Maybe when the war in Europe is over and more men, ships and guns pour into the Pacific against Japan, the importance of their job will be easier for the GIs in Panama to see.

These refugees flee in a horse cart to safety behind advancing American forces.

Yank doughfeet in Belgium hurry across this narrow footbridge spanning the Meuse

Young and older citizens of Luxembourg offer greetings to newly arrived Yanks

WESTER

Moving up on Germany, soldiers rest in the hollow of a grainfield in France and some catch up on their mail.

A British correspondent questions a 7' 3" Na

he Meuse River near the town of Houx. Enemy shells in the background burst wide of their target.

An Allied tank crosses the Rhine. These two Nazis failed to stop its progress

RN FRONT

Yank paratroopers drop from carrier planes near the German border in Holland

3 Nazi

As in 1918, war on the Western Front means mud

This Nazi-commandeered bus ran out of gas. Captured Nazis climbed out to push it to the Allied prisoner area.

MAIL CALL

Compulsory Military Training (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

Even with the prospect of future wars in mind, the only sensible answer to the question "Should the U. S. have compulsory military training after the war?" is no.

Our country is called a democracy and as such it tends to allow a person to work ahead if he has initiative. Initiative in the Army is absolutely nil. Any length of compulsory service in the Army would knock the props out from under a young fellow just starting to make his way in life. Not physically but mentally, the Army tends to tear a man down.

We want no reminder of war when this one is over. Why waste money on such a program when it could be used for cultural progress? A man can volunteer for service if he likes; let's leave it at that and not make our sons come in contact with that which we have learned to loathe. A good government means security and peace. Let's train our fellow men for that and not war.

Britain —Pfc. S. R. BARNES

Dear YANK:

Compulsory training after the war would teach the younger generation what the sacrifices of World War II meant. The people of high-school age would benefit greatly from the mental and physical training the Army gives. It would teach the new generation to realize and appreciate the many opportunities offered in America. It would keep America in a stage of preparedness, never to be caught again as on Dec. 7, 1941.

By allowing the younger men to relieve the armies of occupation, it would give them a historical and geographical education the average person could not afford and enable them to understand post-war problems more thoroughly. It would give them a build-up in loyalty and character, thereby lowering the rate of criminality among the younger men. They would learn to appreciate their fellow men and increase their general knowledge. It would teach the meaning and advantage of discipline in almost every situation. It would be a big factor in solving the unemployment problem. It would be one way to use all the left-over and overstocked supplies. We should use the present form of draft in a modified form to get men into service.

Italy —T-5 DONALD C. HARTMAN

Dear YANK:

...Why can't they stress ROTC during school by having a class on all the things we studied during our basic training? During the summer months (the students) could go to camps and put into practice the things they were taught in school. The Government could take care of any dependent the boy might have.

...After eight weeks at camp with strict regulation and plenty of good food, they would be ready and glad to get back to school. The first eight weeks in the Army didn't have a dull moment for me, but a year is too long, and I don't think it's right during peacetime....

Italy —Sgt. MALCOLM SMITH

Defense Workers

Dear YANK:

In *Mail Call* recently, Pfc. Thomas E. Meek and his buddies in Britain talked about having a pretty tough time of it while their civilian friends vacation in the Sunny South unaware that a war is in progress.

What's eating this guy? Is the civilian supposed to make ammunition in the daytime and shoot it at night? What does he base his opinion on when he says "the civilians are shamelessly relaxing the war effort?" Ten to one says that if he was ever in combat he had enough cartridges to do the job, his gun was superior to his enemies', his clothing kept him warm and his chow was edible and nourishing.

My family and friends helped make these supplies and I think they did and are doing a wonderful job. Pfc. Meek's family and friends undoubtedly helped, too. Evidently he doesn't like the job they are doing.

Funny how people just don't think any more.

India —Cpl. STANLEY J. SUSSINA

Tax Relief

Dear YANK:

The GI Bill of Rights is supposed to be doing so much for the veterans but they forgot one important item: income tax. Prior to going into the service, most of us owed income taxes which we could not pay out of Army wages. Hence a delay in payment was granted to us. When we return to civilian life, jobs will be scarce, wages will be low and we still have this tax hanging over our heads. It will be a major burden instead of a normal, easy-to-pay tax. Why not a clause in the GI Bill of Rights exempting us from this burden?

Camp Rucker, Ala. —Sgt. JOHN W. METZLER*

*Also signed by Cpl. Bert Eastland.

Dear YANK:

Tax forgiveness for the serviceman would greatly strengthen the GI Bill of Rights. The serviceman's family has in all probability been having a tough time making ends meet on the allotment. If there were children, it meant living on accumulated pre-service saving. Upon his return to civilian employment, taxes will take 20 percent or more of his income. This places him at a disadvantage in buying needed things for his home and family, for while in service he had no opportunity to build up a reserve purchasing power. The amount of tax forgiveness should be in direct proportion to length of service.

Camp Croft, S. C. —Cpl. FRANK SMALKIN

Despite the Heat

Dear YANK:

Here is a gripe we have in India. We "chairborne" airmen were sent over here to do our bit in sending our much-talked-of B-29s over key points of the rapidly setting Rising Sun.

It is hot and very humid here, as everyone knows. As we pound our typewriters, file correspondence and do other clerical work the sweat runs down our faces and bodies and off the tips of our elbows, all because the warm air about us does not have a chance to evaporate the perspiration through our closely woven GI clothing. We purchased T shirts at our own expense and found them very cool, comfortable and practical. We were delighted in the comfort of our new shirts, but very soon we were forbidden to wear them while on duty. So we sweat and fume in the same clothing we would be wearing in some camp in the States amid cool mountain breezes.

This, we admit, is a very small gripe but still we have the work to do and are forced to experience considerable unnecessary discomfort. We ask, is there a reason? Does unnecessary physical discomfort aid in the prosecution of the war?

India —Pvt. FRANK GIFFORD*

*Also signed by Cpl. S. E. McClain.

Post-War Education

Dear YANK:

Why not expand the GI Bill of Rights to include Government subsidization of post-war education, not only in colleges and universities in the United States but also in leading schools in Europe, South America, and the Far East? Any successful peace plan must strike primarily at the individual on both sides of the fence. And in any equation concerning individuals, the common denominator must eventually be understanding and tolerance.

One of the most important approaches towards this Utopia should be an annual large-scale exchange of students. What could be a greater step in this direction than to encourage our veterans to finish their education in the great universities of our world neighbors? These are the men who not only know best the importance of preserving the peace but will be the ones charged with that responsibility. Could there be any better insurance against World War III?

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pfc. MORT GRANT*

*Also signed by Pvt. Lewis C. Green

Only Borrowed

Dear YANK:

We were very surprised at your story, "Hot Jeep Department," by Cpl. Tom Shehan. It made a hero out of a guy who shouldn't be kept out of Leavenworth. Cpl. Shehan says nothing in the Army is stolen—only borrowed. Try and tell that to one GI and one second lieutenant in our outfit who paid for some "borrowed" jeeps. The price comes quite high now ($1,407, to be exact, for a new quarter-ton) and makes quite a dent in even a colonel's pay check.

As for procuring the nonexistent 206th's rations, that was a lousy trick. Cpl. Shehan complained his outfit hadn't any rations for months. No doubt the other units hadn't either. Did you think of that? I hope your unappreciated artist ate his fill.

We've been overseas 29 months now, and I'm sure if Cpl. Shehan's buddy starts borrowing around here, Leavenworth will be cheated out of an inmate.

Italy —T-5 HARRY W. JACKMAN*

*Also signed by Pfc. A. Nonnenmacher, Sgt. Vernon Baker and Pfc. Carl A. Brauning.

■ "The Hot Jeep Department" was fiction. Cpl. Shehan made up the whole story out of his own head.

Parawallaby

Dear YANK:

I am sending a bit of suggestion to the boys in New Guinea who are having a little difficulty in jumping their tree-climbing wallaby. To keep the pet from grabbing the risers on the chute, a German-type harness should be used because it has only one point of suspension (between the shoulder blades). Also bandage the wallaby's forepaws to prevent it from climbing. I hope it works.

Hawaii —Pfc. J. KNIGHT

Foxholes

Dear YANK:

As a common GI, I have a great deal of respect for any man who wears the uniform of a U.S. Army officer. However, there is some doubt in my mind as to what the word respect means to some of my officers. Should or shouldn't an officer dig his own foxholes and slit trenches while on training maneuvers? Who digs them in combat?

Camp Claiborne, La. —Pvt. BILL BARTON

Pride of the Corps

Dear YANK:

I'd like to make a few comments on Marine Sgt. J. Thompson's statement in *Mail Call* of his admiration for the U.S. Army.

In my eyes I can't see any marine saying he admires the Army. If I didn't know YANK's reputation, I'd swear it was a publicity stunt. I'm sure this sad sack sergeant must have a field-music or cook's rate. Any marine that doesn't pride himself on a higher caliber than any other branch of service can't be much of a marine. If the sergeant is so much in love with the Army, why didn't he join it in the first place instead of beating his chops now?

I believe the Army's being praised high enough without a marine putting in his two cents.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif. —Pfc. P. PANDOLI, USMC*

*Also signed by Pfcs. Dick Rossi and Frank Raffo, USMC.

Vicious Cycle

Dear YANK:

Higher headquarters here is in a tizzy over the increased avoirdupois of members of the WAC. Did it ever occur to them to get to the root of the trouble—ill-balanced meals? It is not at all unusual to have an all-starch meal—potatoes, beans, corn and the inevitable bread pudding side by side on the tray. Of course we spread. Who wouldn't?

What green vegetables we do get are greasy with pork, which, incidentally, seems to be the meat staple. Salads are gooey with mayonnaise or other fattening dressings. Desserts are usually puddings, pies or rich cakes, and seldom fresh or stewed fruits.

Of what use is exercise which only works up an appetite? We tramp in, hungry after our exertion, and find lots of carbohydrates to replace what we've managed to shake off at PT. It's a losing battle. We're all gaining weight and most of us aren't happy about it, either.

Appeals for a better-balanced diet get us nowhere. Menus, they tell us, are made up in Washington. Wouldn't it be more efficient to revise the menus than to plan a rigorous PT program without the diet to go with it?

Foster Field, Tex. —Sgt. JESSICA E. WILSON

■ The War Department thinks of everything. See *WD Memorandum No. 600-44 (16 Sept. 1944)*: "SALE, BY QUARTERMASTER, OF GIRDLES AND GARTER BELTS TO FEMALE MILITARY PERSONNEL IN CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES."

A Hot Cup of Coffee

Dear YANK:

Bright and early this morning we all bounded gaily out of bed with visions of a delicious breakfast of K ration and a steaming cup of coffee. We got the K ration all right, but some thoughtful employee of the H. J. Heinz Company had substituted orange powder for coffee.

This outfit is part of a combat division, recently mentioned as one of the four best that Gen. Patton has. The men in it are not orange juice and toast men. After having fought the Krauts for a few months, our nerves seem to be a bit on edge and we find it hard to get in the proper frame of mind on that sort of diet. All we want is ammunition, a change of clothes every month or so and a cup of coffee every morning.

France —1st Sgt. PAUL W. INMAN

Exams for Ratings

Dear YANK:

In three more months I will have four years of Air Corps life behind me, so I suppose I know enough of the Air Forces to know what I am griping about. I have had my sergeant's rating for exactly two years and eight months. Now, here's my gripe. Why in hell don't they even give us a *chance* to earn a new rank?

I believe the Navy has some sort of competitive exam for all who are eligible for higher ratings. Why can't the other branches have some sort of honorable system like that? The only stripes I have seen given in darn near two years have been given to the fellow whose kissing was the fanciest and/or the fellow who was lucky enough to fall heir to a job with a rating such as a supply clerk who is now a supply sergeant by reason of the regular supply sergeant having gone over the hill.

Pecos, Tex. —Sgt. LUTHER SOCKWELL

LET THE *Punishment* FIT THE *Clime!*

We received an important message the other day—a page torn from a weekly newsmagazine and camouflaged as the wrapping on a salami sandwich. It stated very simply that a U. S. Navy officer in Russia had turned up in a new style uniform which would hereafter be available for all U. S. Navy officers assigned to the Soviet Union. It had a picture of him, and he was wearing one of those woolly Russian hats and a Navy bridge coat with a stand-out collar of fuzzy caracul.

That was all there was, on the face of it, but we in the know realized that this harmless news item foreshadowed a change in service uniform habits as world-shaking in its way as the invention of gunpowder or filing in quadruplicate.

If U. S. military personnel in Russia are to adopt the fancy dress of their hosts, what's going to happen in other installations?

The girls of the Army Nurse Corps serving in Africa, for example, have a hard time ahead of them if they're going to get used to those multiple-layer neck rings. Some master sergeants in Hawaii (not to mention general officers) may look out of place in nothing more than a lei and a grass skirt. Maybe in this latter case insignia of rank can be tattooed on their arms.

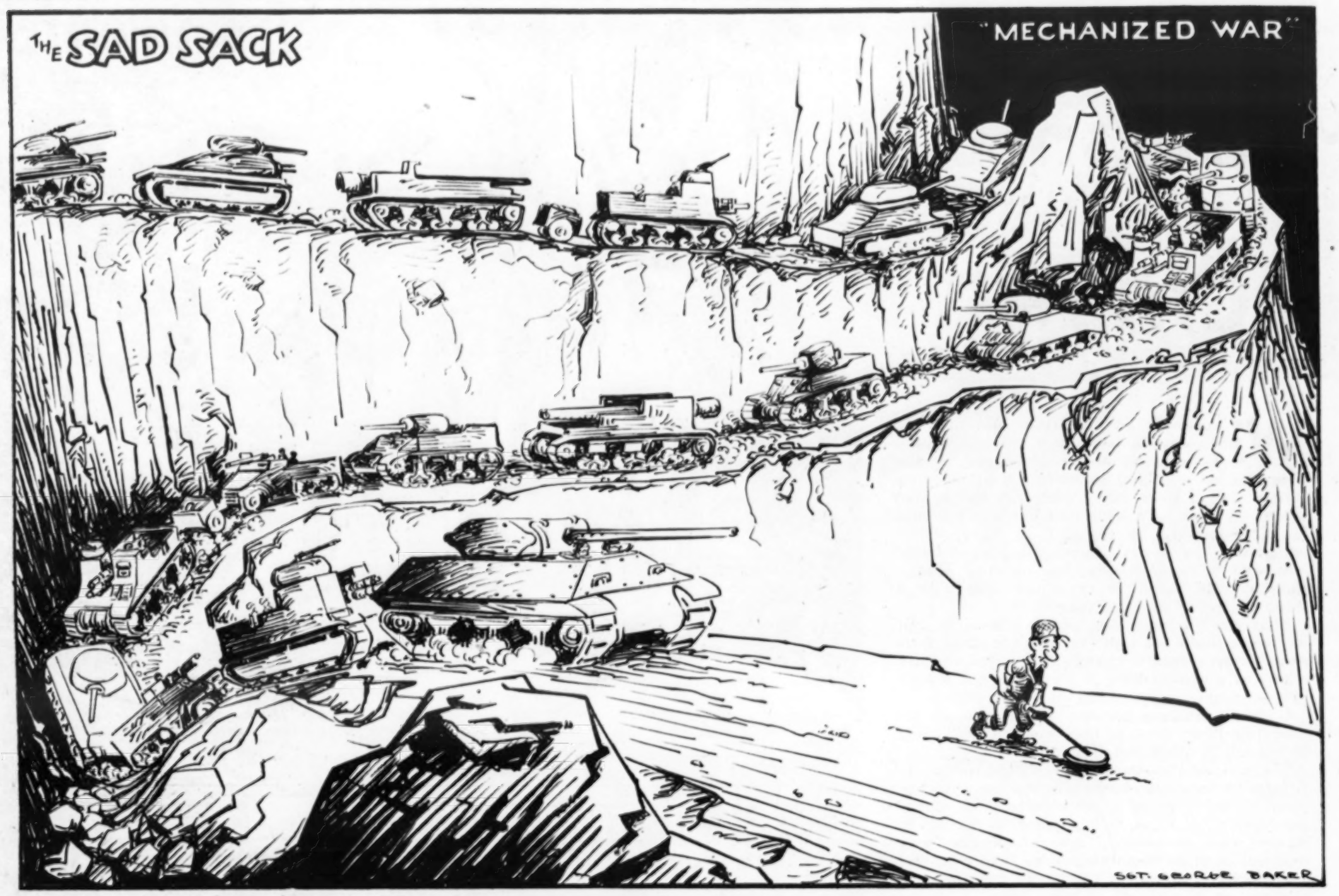
In the upper reaches of the Arctic Circle, you will have to dig through many a thickness of fur and fabric before you know whether to salute or "hiyah."

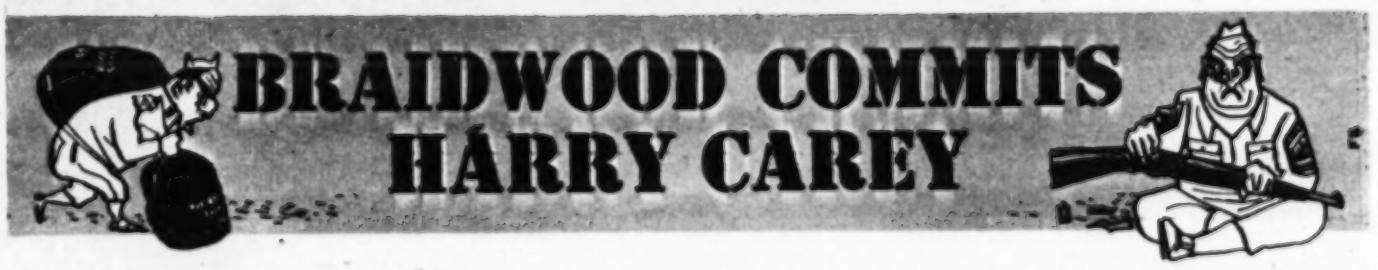
And the complications don't end here. After all, this is a global war as the officer in charge of transferring incorrigibles is fond of telling us. Some places they don't wear anything at all. What are you going to do about that, Quartermaster Corps? Huh?

Just step up on the platform, Cpl. Wandrous. In no time at all we'll have you ready for duty in Ngulu.

I'm not going AWOL, old boy. I'm just trying to dress like a native.

I'm afraid you're out of uniform, Capt. Sweeney. That mask you're wearing is for a full colonel in the surgery division of the Witchdoctor Corps.





BRAIDWOOD COMMITS HARRY CAREY

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

BRAIDWOOD MCMANUS was a wisecracking New Yorker, a congenital confidence man who was always outsmarting you and making you like it. He was the kind of a guy who would invite you downtown to have a beer with him so that you could help him carry his laundry back to his billet.

He was a master of irony and could stop you from feeling sorry for yourself with a few well-chosen words, no matter how tragic the situation. Like the time in Algiers we called on Chris, an English-speaking Greek refugee with three children, to take him some food.

"Not very good, Mac," said Chris sadly when Braidwood asked him how things were going.

"I been expectin' any day to hear that you'd barbecued the kids," said Braidwood.

For my money at least, Braidwood had more charm than those Hindu snake charmers. They work on reptiles. Before he came into the Army, Braidwood avoided work by charming hard-hearted Broadwayites. He could touch your pocketbook and your heart with a smile. One of those big producers kept him on his pay roll for 10 years just for the laughs he got from him.

Braidwood might have been with the producer for the rest of his life if he hadn't made him the laughing stock of Broadway. The producer, who sometimes took himself a little too seriously, had announced that he was going to produce a play about, to quote him, "the little people" and would start casting right away. Braidwood went out and hired all the midgets in town and sent them to the producer's office. "He was up to his navel in midgets," said Braidwood in telling about it later.

Trouble and Braidwood were old friends. He hadn't been in the Army 10 days when the CO threatened him with a court martial. That was back in the States at Camp Gruber. Braidwood had joined us with some other recruits, many of them just kids. Always a joker, he had pointed out the stockade as the "leper colony" to one of the more gullible ones.

The youngster called his mother, she called her Congressman, and there was hell to pay. Braidwood talked his way out of that one by telling the CO that around Broadway practical jokes were just a part of the everyday business of earning a living.

WHEN word got around that Braidwood was to be transferred to a rear-echelon assignment, we all felt badly about it. Nobody felt worse than Braidwood himself.

But the medics didn't think that a 43-year-old GI with 30 fast years on Broadway to his credit could stand up under combat. As much as he was a sentimentalist about everything else, Braidwood was realist enough about himself to realize that maybe they were right.

He knew that as a soldier he was at his best leaning up against some bar on the Via Roma cracking his witty whip of conversation. Braidwood's whip, incidentally, removed the skin in little chunks from the hide of whomever happened to be his target.

"My idea of heaven," I have heard him say many times while deprecating himself as a fighting man, "is a smoke-filled room, not a smoke-filled valley!"

That was when it had seemed that he would go along with us no matter what kind of a jam we drew. But now that he was going to get himself a soft job with a rear-echelon outfit he wasn't sure he wanted it.

After we had convinced Braidwood that he should accept his transfer, he went into the top kick with tears in his eyes and asked him if he could fire his M1 at least once in the same combat area with the outfit. "I don't want to have to tell my kids that I never even fired a gun with the outfit," Braidwood told the top.

Now McManus wasn't one of the top kick's pin-up boys, but the sight of the usually hard-shelled New Yorker leaking at the eyes caused him to relax his guard. "I'll not only see that you get a chance to fire your M1, Mac," the TK said, "but I'll clean it for you. That's the kind of a guy I am!"

The next afternoon, while we were scattered around the area indulging in what would be called Care and Cleaning of Materials back in the States, we heard a shot in the olive grove overlooking the camp. At the same time somebody hollered: "Help! Help! McManus has shot himself!"

As we ran up the hill the CO went buzzing by in his jeep. He'd returned from town in time to hear the shouts, stopped at the orderly room to find out what it was all about and then continued on to investigate further.

When we huffed and puffed on to the scene, our first thought was one of relief at seeing McManus standing in front of the CO, but then we noticed that the CO was chewing Braidwood, bones and all.

"Sir," McManus was saying as we came within hearing distance, "I'd been readin' about them Japs committin' Harry Carey and I thought I'd play my last joke on the outfit by makin' the boys think I bumped myself off."

"McManus," said the CO, "if you hadn't been transferred out as of this morning, I'd give you that court martial I've been promising you for a long time. Now get the hell out of here and don't wait for your bags. We'll send them over to the depot by truck."

As Mac went by me he winked and said under his breath: "This is really service! I never thought that I'd see the day in the Army when the top kick would clean my gun and the CO would forward my bags!"

Battle Order

HERE is the United States order of battle in Western Europe, as far as it has been revealed by the War Department. There are probably other outfits in the theater, but their identity has not yet been announced.

GROUPS AND ARMIES

Twelfth U.S. Army Group—Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley.
Sixth U.S. Army Group—Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers.
First U.S. Army—Lt. Gen. Courtney H. Hodges.
Third U.S. Army—Lt. Gen. George S. Patton Jr.
Seventh U.S. Army—Lt. Gen. Alexander M. Patch.
Ninth U.S. Army—Lt. Gen. William H. Simpson.
First Allied Airborne Army (mostly American)—Lt. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton.

CORPS

V—CG not yet announced.
VI—Maj. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott Jr.
VII—Maj. Gen. J. Lawton Collins.
VIII—Maj. Gen. Troy H. Middleton.
XII—Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy.
XV—Maj. Gen. Wade H. Haislip.
XIX—Maj. Gen. Charles H. Corlett.
XX—Maj. Gen. Walton H. Walker.

DIVISIONS

Airborne

82d—Maj. Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway
101st—Maj. Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor.

Armored

2d—Maj. Gen. Edward H. Brooks.
3d—Maj. Gen Leroy H. Watson.
4th—Maj. Gen. John S. Wood.
5th—CG not yet announced.
6th—Maj. Gen. Robert W. Grow.
7th—CG not yet announced.

Infantry

1st—Maj. Gen. Clarence H. Huebner.
2d—Maj. Gen. Walter M. Robertson.
3d—Maj. Gen. John W. O'Daniel.
4th—Maj. Gen. Raymond O. Barton.
5th—CG not yet announced.
8th—Maj. Gen. Donald A. Stroh.
9th—CG not yet announced.
28th—Maj. Gen. Norman D. Cota.
29th—Maj. Gen. Charles H. Gerhardt.
30th—CG not yet announced.
35th—Maj. Gen. Paul W. Baade.
36th—Maj. Gen. John E. Dahlquist.
45th—Maj. Gen. William W. Eagles.
79th—Maj. Gen. Ira T. Wyche.
83d—Maj. Gen. Robert C. Macon.
90th—Maj. Gen. Raymond S. McLain.

AAF Training Losses

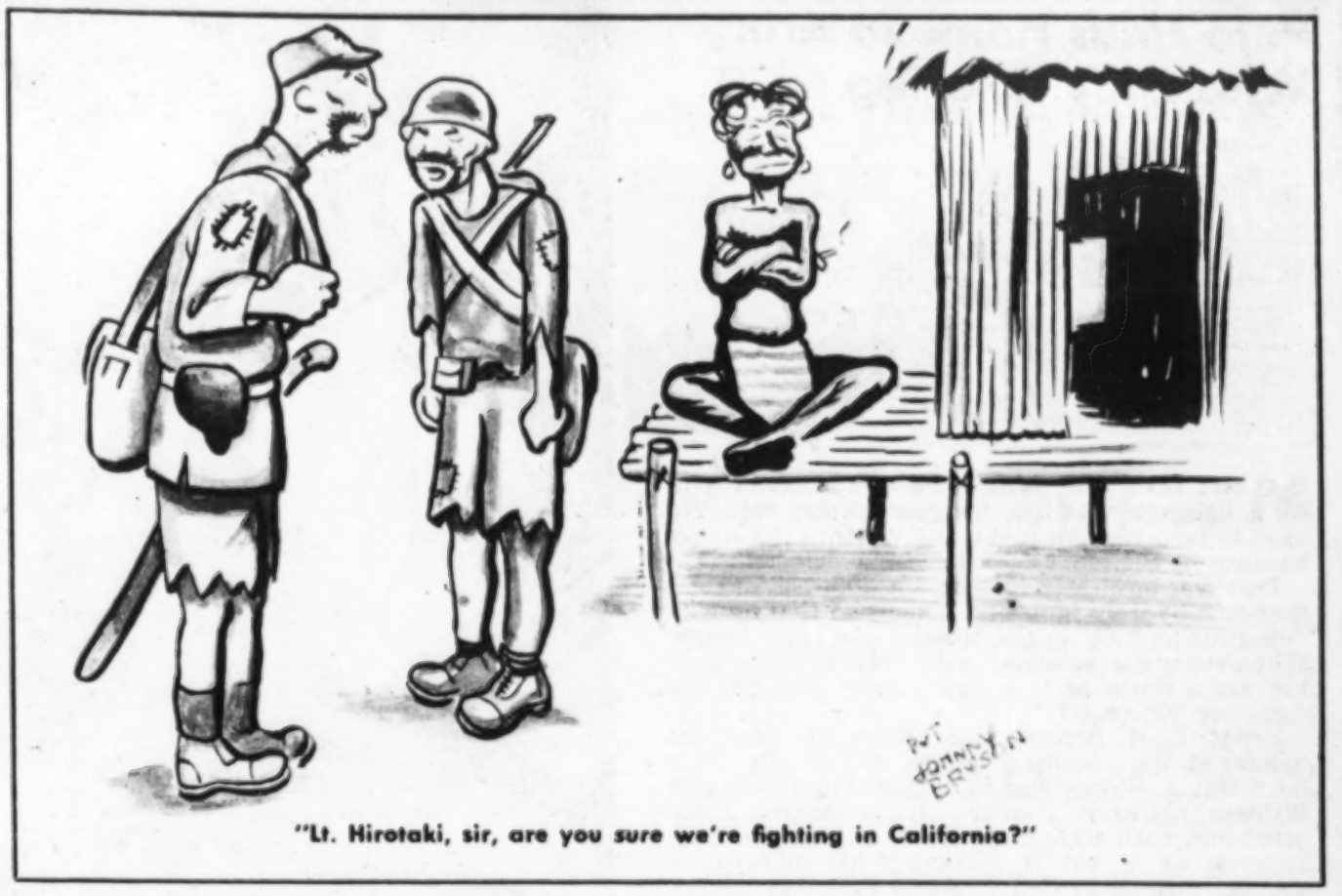
In activities in the continental U. S. since Pearl Harbor, the AAF has lost 17,500 planes, an average of one plane for 4,342 hours of flight. The total includes 11,000 planes lost in wrecks, 2,500 others still useful in ground training and 4,000 worn out by training and transport flying. It has had 5,600 fatal flying accidents and about 11,000 fatalities, representing a training mortality rate of 2 percent. Since Pearl Harbor the AAF has trained and graduated 163,147 pilots (including 5,122 glider pilots), 31,293 bombardiers and 31,906 navigators.

Chief Allied Port

The Port of Naples, which the Nazis blasted beyond recognition a year ago, is now the foremost Allied port in the world.

When Engineers and Transportation Corps men began their reconstruction work on Oct. 2, 1943, they found 32 large vessels, including a cruiser and a hospital ship, and some 300 smaller vessels blown up or scuttled in the harbor. Every berth, pier and quay had been crippled; all thoroughfares, railroad lines and passages in the port area were blocked with rubble; power, sewer and water lines were demolished and fires still burned.

The first Liberty Ship entered the port two days later and within three months the port was handling more tonnage than the huge New York Port of Embarkation. Within six months it had handled 2,375,229 long tons of cargo. Port battalions are now unloading an average of 20,000 tons a day, approximately four times as much as Allied leaders hoped for under war conditions.



"Lt. Hirotaki, sir, are you *sure* we're fighting in California?"

Nonstop to Paris

A direct air route from the U. S. to Paris has been inaugurated. The first passengers carried over the new line were a party headed by Gen. George C. Marshall and James F. Byrnes, director of the Office of War Mobilization. The first cargo was a shipment of map-making equipment, medical supplies and engine parts.

Battle Honors

The 8th Infantry Regiment and the 505th, 507th and 508th Parachute Infantry Regiments have been cited for outstanding performance of duty in the invasion of Normandy on June 6.

Washington OP

Bombing. When strategic bombing objectives become accessible in Germany, the War Department will send teams of highly qualified civilians to study the effect of bombing to escape suspicion of prejudiced reports. . . . American robot bombs, which have been under active development since 1940, have advanced on a broad front until we have the most comprehensive knowledge in the world of their technical and tactical aspects. Officers here say that control in flight is being stressed, rather than the artillery method of launching used by the Germans. The Air Forces are expected to use the robot bomb both as a tactical and a strategic weapon. It will supplement both strategic and tactical bombing but not supplant either.

Ploesti Oil Fields. From the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania, the first major AAF strategic-bombing objective actually to fall into Allied hands, Washington is getting preliminary reports by which it will be able to confirm and evaluate the effect of its strategic-bombing offensive. These preliminary reports show that estimates of heavy damage were good, AAF observers on the spot found that in August the output of refineries there had been cut from 13,000 tons per day to 3,000, and that the plants were practically shut down by the last concentrated attacks.

Post-War Farming. "Thousands of persons have dream farms. . . . The real farm is no dream," warns a new booklet put out by the Department of Agriculture for GIs and veterans, entitled "Shall I Be a Farmer?" The first thing the booklet does is list all the reasons not to be a farmer: "Farming, in fact, is a hard way of making a living. . . . Much farm work must be done in weather too hot or too cold or too wet for comfort. Farmers cannot leave home and return at will. . . . Hazards are too great. Frosts, floods, droughts, weeds and pests and diseases of plants and animals often blast hopes. . . . Cash returns from farming are likely to be disappointingly small. . . . Yet in spite of all difficulties life on a farm has its compensations."

Then, for those hardy undiscouraged ones, the booklet goes on to give constructive advice on the kind of a farm to choose, where to farm, how to get started in farming, what it costs to get started, where to get money to buy, equip and operate a farm, and how much money one is likely to make out of it.

Selective Service. In the year ended 30 June 1944, convictions for violation of the Selective Service Act totaled 4,756, bringing to 10,872 the total convictions since the act became effective in October 1940, according to the Department of Justice. Failure to report for induction has been the chief offense, while 45 have been convicted for counseling or aiding evasion. Penalties have varied from fines to five-year prison sentences.

Medical Music. The Institute of Applied Music, authorized by the Surgeon General, has begun an experiment at Walter Reed Hospital here in developing the potentialities of music as an adjunct to medicine in certain types of mental and nervous disorders. Collaborating with Army psychiatrists, a group under the guidance of Frances Paperte, former member of the Chicago Opera Company and soloist with the New York Philharmonic, and composed of the highest type of musicians is playing for patients, not as entertainment but solely as an aid to treatment.

Welcome Home. Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson told a press conference how he had the tables turned on him when on his recent trip to Italy, he called on Pope Pius XII in the Vatican in Rome. Wandering through the "endless passages of the Vatican with Swiss Guards in every one," he met Archbishop Spellman of New York, also on a visit there. The two had not met since the Archbishop had called on him in Washington and got lost in the Pentagon. "Welcome to the Pentagon," was the Archbishop's greeting.

—YANK Washington Bureau

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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Pete Finds Home in Army With Only One Leg

Moses Lake AAF, Wash.—Pete is a raven who hangs around the hangars of this field. He used to be a civilian raven and got into the Army because he was mistaken for a clay pigeon.

Pete was aimlessly looking for a morsel of food that day, happily ignorant of the fact that he was doing his looking on the Moses Lake skeet range. When some sharpshooter cried "Mark!" Pete took the same route as the clay pigeon and got his right leg blown off.

S/Sgt. E. R. Brown, who knows his first aid, bandaged the bleeding stump. Eventually Pete let S/Sgt. J. Storey and Sgts. Sam Migliaccio and William Corkran change his bandages. They fitted him with a hand-carved wooden leg and he appreciated it, but it decreased his maneuverability, so he discarded it. While Pete was recovering, the boys of the field fed him grasshoppers. Since then he has had a choice diet of peanuts and popcorn and occasional watermelon.

Pete likes to get caught in the prop wash of a P-38 so he can beat his wings furiously without making any progress. When he gets in the way, a shout of "Get off that wing!" gets results.

Most of his flights are local in character. With half his landing gear gone he occasionally noses over when he lands, but he proudly picks himself up and goes looking for his friends.

Pete the Raven with some of his GI friends.

Pvt. Trout rides his unicycle as easily as you walk.

CAMP NEWS

Men of a Mexican fighter squadron get radio pointers from 1st Lt. Franklin A. Hopkins of Scott Field.

Mexican Airmen Study Radio at Scott

Scott Field, Ill.—The Scott Field Radio School, which has already provided classrooms for soldiers from France and China, now has soldiers from Mexico's air force among its students. They are already radio operators, having trained in Mexico for two years, and are here to study maintenance of certain American equipment.

All hold the rank of sergeant. Promotions in the Mexican Army are made on the basis of competitive written examination, and the average length of service is seven years.

Most of those in the group have relatives fighting in the American Army and one, 1st Sgt. Felipe Yepez Martinez, had a brother who was killed in one of the recent raids over Japan.

With a minimum code speed of 35 words per minute and a solid background in radio, they're having little trouble in the Scott Field school.

Milo Gets Around in Army With Only One Wheel

Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.—Pvt. Milo Trout, a student at the AAF Training Command Radio School here, is something of a sensation around this field when he rides his unicycle. He's been riding one for five years now, and he prefers it to any other form of locomotion.

Trout, who hails from Yakima, Wash., worked in a bicycle shop in civilian life. He became interested in the unicycle in 1939, built himself one and proceeded to learn how to ride it. Although he has never entered any professional contests, he achieved a good deal of fame in and around Yakima when a newsreel did a feature on him.

"It's just like walking," he tells baffled spectators. "You just get on it, balance yourself, and sort of pedal away. Except that you don't stop. If you do, you'll fall off—quickly."

He figures he can go about as fast as a swift runner, but he can't reach the speeds that are attained on bicycles. Riding his contraption about the field, Trout is accustomed to provoking amazement wherever he puts in an appearance. "The funniest thing I ever heard," he recalls, "was from a little girl no more than 5 years old. She saw me pedaling along and said: 'My goodness, you look like you're riding an egg beater!' "

Names in the Marines

Camp LeJeune, N. C.—"Susie Autographhunter" would have a field day at this Marine base.

According to Camp Personnel Office records, she would encounter Pvts. Andrew Jackson, John Hancock, Robert E. Lee, Charles McCarthy, William McKinley, Edgar A. Poe, Richard Wagner, General George Washington, William Bryan, Jack Haley, C. Alexander Dumas, Thomas Holcomb, John Marshall, Frank Morgan, Kenneth Baker, Randolph Scott, James Polk, Jack Armstrong and Henry Wallace.

In the list of privates first class she would find Alexander Bell, John Calhoun, Will Hayes, Henry Hudson, James Monroe, George Patton, Mickey Rooney, Woodrow Wilson, Robert Taylor, Walter Scott, Jimmy Dorsey and Peter Rabbitt.

And among the corporals: Jesse James, Joseph Conrad, Ronald Coleman, Frank Black, Charles Barnett and Dick Powell.

Frank Buck is a chief cook and Thomas Benton and William Harrison are assistant cooks.

Henry Aldrich and Katherine Grayson are sergeants. Ben Johnson is a technical sergeant. Robert Young is a sergeant. Charles Boyer is a chaplain. And Betsy Ross holds the rate of field musician first class.

—Pfc. RICHARD L. BRECKER

Ex-Pilot Now a GI

Lexington, Va.—There's a 29-year-old GI here who has served in the three armies in this war, twice as an officer. He is Cpl. Victor G. Inglott of Vancouver, B. C., a student in the Army's Special Service School at Washington and Lee University. When he completes his course, he will return to his job as physical-education instructor at the DeRidder (La.) AAB.

Before the war, as a civilian pilot, Inglott flew Royal Canadian mounted policemen on their "beats" in the Canadian Northwest. He went to England after war was declared and became a pilot officer in the RAF. Later he was transferred to the RCAF as a flying officer, piloting fighter planes. "Operational fatigue" caught up with him and he was shipped back to Canada and grounded. He was permitted to resign his reserve commission with the RCAF so he could come to the States and enlist in the U. S. Army as a private.

LOOK ADOLF, IT'S CONTAGIOUS!

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—Attracted by the stirring strains of "Stars and Stripes Forever" being whistled by an expert, Pvt. Wesley Havens investigated. He found the whistler to be a German prisoner of war.

RUSSIAN MEDAL. Sgt. Ramon Gutierrez is congratulated at Fort Sam Houston, Tex. He was awarded the Order of the Patriotic War by the U.S.S.R. for gallantry in action in Italian campaign.

AROUND THE CAMPS

McCook AAB, Nebr.—Cpl. Walter J. Yanorski of the 99th Squadron, 9th Bombardment Group, is somewhat a creature of habit. Returning from furlough, he sent the following wire to his CO: "DEAR SIR MISSED TRAIN IN OMAHA STOP WILL ARRIVE TOMORROW AFTERNOON STOP LOVE."

Salina AAF, Kans.—When Pvt. Elmer Jett of Sellersville, Pa., sat down to the turkey dinner served on Sunday in the Smoky Hill mess hall, he downed 26 hot rolls and butter along with the rest of the meal.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—When 5-foot-2-inch Sgt. Bill (Hurry) Cain, a former pro boxer, was selected to referee a boxing card between teams from Camp Blanding and Jacksonville Naval Air Station, no GI could be found able to lend him the size 4½-B sneakers he needed. Then someone contacted Una Bourgeois, the 5-foot-1-inch first sergeant of the WAC Detachment, and she solved the problem.

Camp Gruber, Okla.—T-5 Milton Tangeman worked more than an hour removing a piece of cleaning rod from the barrel of a rifle a sheepish-looking private had brought him in the supply room of Company K, 242d Infantry. Then something prompted him to follow the private. Tangeman turned the corner just in time to see his man disappear into a barracks across the way in Company I's area.

Fort Benning, Ga.—This station boasts two soldiers who know all the dives—the aquatic kind. Sgt. Hank Akers of the Parachute School was formerly with Billy Rose's "Aquacade" in New York and San Francisco and doubled for Johnny Weismueller in the "Tarzan" films. (One of his exploits was wrestling 12-foot alligators.) Sgt. George Newton of the 5th Infantry, 71st Division, held the New Jersey state diving championship before he entered the Army, and he recently won the Fort Benning title.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—T-4 Harold La Shell of the 357th Harbor Craft Company now knows just what is meant by delayed action. Homeward bound on furlough, he received a wire at the train stop in Dallas, saying he was the father of a baby boy. When La Shell arrived home in Los Angeles he found that a daughter also had been added to the family roster during the remainder of his trip.

Hunter Field, Ga.—All evening Sgt. Paul Sullivan had been jumping up from the dispatcher's desk in Operations to fix the coke machine. So when a fellow in a T shirt came up and complained that he'd put a nickel in and got nothing out, Sullivan snapped: "I think some of you guys use plug nickels in this contraption." Next time Sullivan saw him, the T-shirt fellow had his Army shirt on, to which were pinned the twin stars of a major general.

Camp Claiborne, La.—Pvt. M. Miller of Headquarters and Supply Company, 309th Engineers, is convinced it doesn't pay to go to GI dances. He had a buddy time him to see how long he danced with each girl at a recent dance. The average: Ten seconds with each of six.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Westover AAB, Mass.—1st Sgt. R. M. Briggs of the 112th AAF Base Unit, who keeps a record of his tribulations as a top kick, wrote down a new one. In the little book with the AWOL who wired for an extension, the man with 19 months' service who thought it was all right to keep his furlough papers as a souvenir and the GI who asked him to find his lost false teeth, 1st Sgt. Briggs made this entry:

"Excused an enlisted man KP because he was allergic to cauliflower."

Musician as a GI Plays Return Engagement

Indiantown Gap, Pa.—When Giuseppi Adami, former assistant concertmaster of the Metropolitan Opera Company, conducted the symphony orchestra in Palermo, Sicily, in 1936, he had no idea that the next time he conducted a concert there he would be in the uniform of the Army of the U. S. When the Italian audience recognized the soldier as the same man who had made a guest appearance there as an American civilian, they cheered him wildly.

Sgt. Adami, who has coached such operatic greats as Grace Moore, Nino Martini, Tito Schipa and Martinelli, was assigned in Sicily to a unit of the American Military Government. Because of his knowledge of the Italian dialects, his duties embraced political investigations, economics and supply. His last assignment before returning to the States was in combatting the black market in Naples.

Adami began his musical career at the age of 7 and studied violin in Naples and Rome. Before coming to the U. S., he played violin with the San Carlo Opera in Naples, the La Scala in Reale and the Constanzi in Rome.

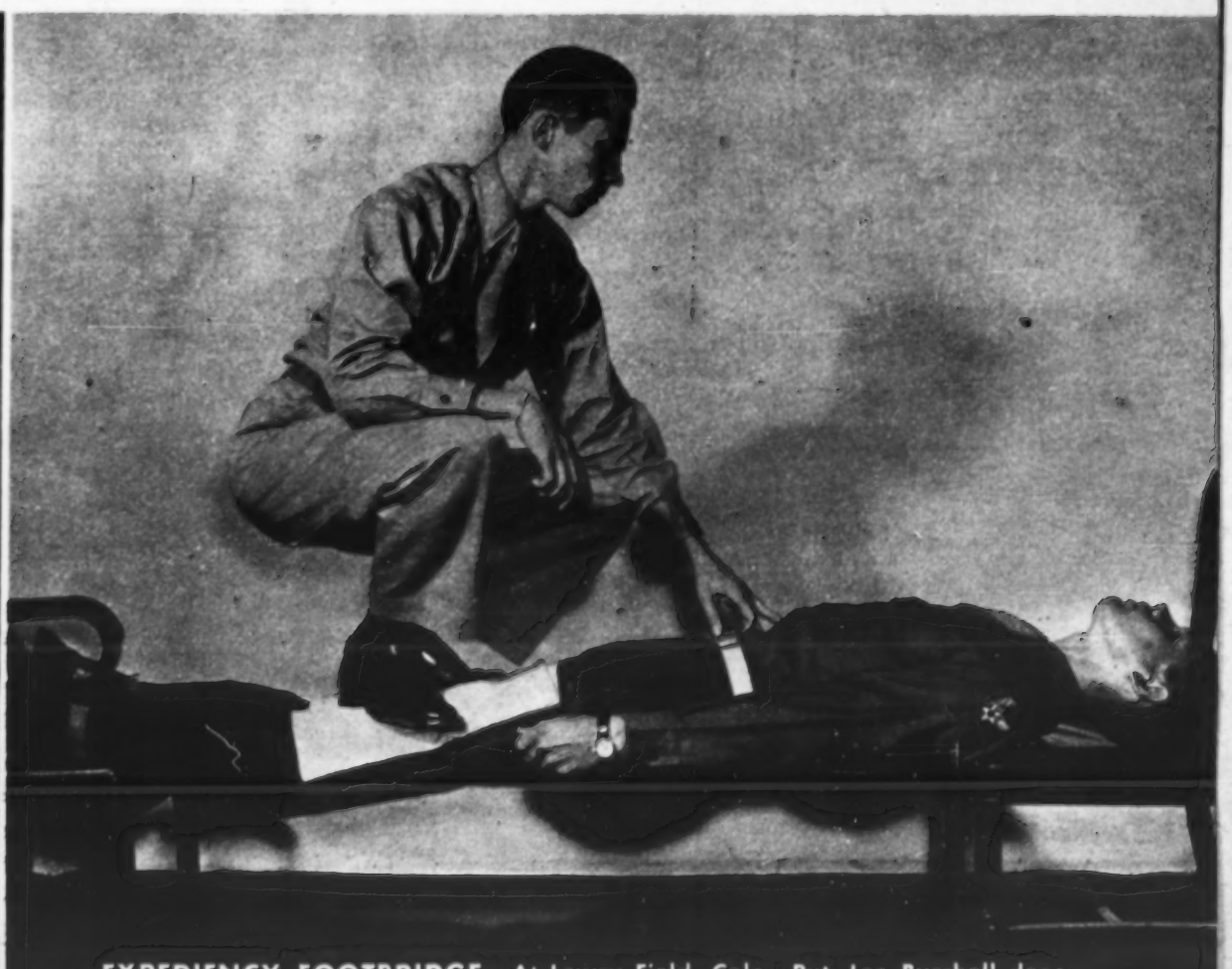
In this country he was conductor of the condensed operas that were broadcast over CBS, he was the musical adviser for the movie, "Down Argentine Way," starring Carmen Miranda, and he wrote the music for "The Gay Caballaro" with Nino Martini. In 1936 he was program director for Radio Mundo in Argentina and in 1938 he toured Europe with an orchestra conducted by Toscanni.

Adami says the one thing that gives him great satisfaction is the fact that he is one GI paying his own way. In 1942 the tax on royalties received from the sale of music he has written was twice his Army pay for that year.

—Sgt. MARTIN RITTER

Concertmaster Sgt. Adami

PERENNIAL POSTMAN. In 1940, with the National Guard, S/Sgt. Leonide Proulx started a post office for Capt. Edwin M. Dixon. Now, at Dover AAF, Del., he's back with Col. Dixon and, you guessed it, starting a post office.



EXPEDIENCY FOOTBRIDGE. At Lowry Field, Colo., Pvt. Lee Burchell does hypnotic tricks. Here he has Pvt. George Bent hypnotized so stiff that he doesn't even sag when Pvt. Burchell uses him as a bridge between two chairs.

Jane Nigh
YANK
Pin-up Girl

What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

Hilda Simms has made her mark on Broadway.

Hilda a Hit

HILDA SIMMS is a young Negro girl who is currently confounding dramatic critics in a successful Broadway play called "Anna Lucasta." The success of Hilda and of the play are what surprise the critics, for five months ago nobody had heard of Hilda or of "Anna Lucasta," either, until the play was performed by a cast of semi-professional actors of the American Negro Theater in the cramped quarters of the 135th Street Library in New York City.

In spite of deficiencies of production, the play was so good and Hilda, playing the part of a young prostitute struggling against her environment, was so freshly appealing that the few playgoers who traveled uptown to see it were impressed. News of the play spread and it found a backer for presentation on Broadway.

On Broadway "Anna Lucasta" is a hit and Hilda Simms is a sensation. At first, even after favorable reviews, Hilda kept her old job, working by day for Artkino, the Soviet movie agency, and acting evenings and matinees. Now she feels more confident and has given up her job to concentrate on the stage.

Hilda got her breaks the hard way, from the time she was a schoolgirl in Minneapolis, Minn., to the present. She was educated as a scholarship student at St. Margaret's Convent in Minneapolis, the first Negro girl ever to be admitted there. She went to college at the University of Minnesota and at Hampton Institute, Va.

She is soft-spoken, intelligent and sincere, and she is happy about her success. She likes creative work of all kinds, particularly writing, and enjoys horseback riding and swimming. She has one veiled ambition. "Seriously," she says, "I'd like to juggle."

Hilda is married and to a GI. Her husband, M/Sgt. William Simms, is in an antiaircraft outfit. Her two brothers have seen service with the Merchant Marine. And she has a hatful of GI fans.

All this fame is important to Hilda, but not all important. What hits her where she lives is the fact that in "Anna Lucasta," without bombast or ballyhoo, she has been able to help present a dramatic presentation of Negro life as part of the main current of American life.

"The audience accepts us as people, working out our problems just as they work out their own. That's the important thing," she says.

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

A COUPLE of months ago a small picture of Jane Nigh appeared in a few overseas editions of YANK. The effect was startling. Scores of GIs simultaneously picked up pen or pencil and asked—no, demanded—that we get another picture of the 20th Century-Fox starlet and put it on the pin-up page. They also wanted statistics, such as: age, 19; height, 5' 4½"; weight, 114; eyes, blue; hair, blond. Jane makes her screen debut soon in "Something for the Boys."

RADIO

Fibber McGee and Molly have signed a new four-year contract for the show they first aired from Chicago on Apr. 16, 1935. . . . Ethel Barrymore, who is such an ardent baseball fan that she tunes in when she can't go to the ball park, told the New York *Times* that Red Barber, the sports announcer, is her favorite mikeman. "Red Barber is proof that real charm can come over the radio," she said. . . . When Olsen and Johnson open in "Laffing Room Only," their new Broadway show, they will also be featured in a radio program for a soup manufacturer. . . . Two more famous by-liners have left for Europe to cover the war for the networks—William L. Shirer, author of "Berlin Diary," for CBS and Louis Lochner, former AP bureau chief in Berlin, for NBC. . . . A talent-auditioning program has been started by NBC for members and former members of the armed services known as "Welcome Home Auditions." The purpose is to provide an opportunity for servicemen and women to break into radio.

EVIL EDIE. In four years, Edith Arnold has bumped off over 200 guys—all in fun, of course—on the CBS radio show, "Crime Doctor."

HOLLYWOOD

Lana Turner returns to the screen in "Marriage Is a Private Affair," with John Hodiak, hailed as the Hollywood heartthrob since he played opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Lifeboat." . . . Gregory Ratoff started directing 20th Century-Fox's musical "Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in French. "And why do I direct een Franch?" said Ratoff to his company. "Eet ees because I admire de Franch today. Today dey are doing sumpting. Eet is all over de front lines of de newspapers wot dey are doing." Then forgetting to continue honoring the French, he said: "Well, wot are we waiting for? Let's get going to de next scene." . . . Thomas Mitchell's next will be an interesting role as the silken Mr. Sydney in "Dark Waters," a character who actually isn't as benevolent as he appears. . . . William Wellman, who did "Wings" and several other successful films, will direct the movie version of Ernie Pyle's "Here Is Your War." . . . Ex-athletes are finding plenty of work in Hollywood, former Freddie Steele, the former middleweight champion who won praise with his characterization of the marine with the mother complex in "Hail the Conquering Hero," has been signed for a role in "Duffy's Tavern." Johnny Indrisiano, who met five champs in the ring and retired to become Mae West's bodyguard, has been selected to supervise the fight sequences in "Hold Autumn in Your Hand" after serving as the technical adviser to "The Great John L.," Bing Crosby's movie of the life of John L. Sullivan. Jim Thorpe, the footballer, will play the guerrilla role in "Counterattack."

MOVIE DEBUT. Barbara Perry has danced in night clubs and musicals. Now those gams grace Universal's "Be It Ever So Humble."

COAST TO COAST

After one year and four months atop New York's Winter Garden Theater, the Cafe Zanzibar has moved across the street to the site formerly occupied by the Hurricane. The Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald and Claude Hopkins and his orchestra featured the opening. . . . Harold Lloyd's de luxe bowling alleys in Santa Monica, Calif., were damaged by fire. . . . Philadelphia's Shangri La inaugurated a name-band policy with Mal Hallet playing the opening. . . . Helen Hayes is touring the country in a revival of "Harriet." . . . Betty Hutton's troupe on that USO-sponsored tour of the South Pacific will include Val Selz, a magician; Virginia Carroll, a dancer; and the Tito Trio, accordionists. . . . Sara Ann McCabe, singing star of the last "Ziegfeld Follies," is appearing in the Terrace Room of Boston's Hotel Statler. . . . Artie Shaw's new orchestra is being booked for dates in the Mid-West starting Dec. 1. . . . Cab Calloway will move into the Sherman Hotel in Chicago after the Christmas holidays.

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Occupational Disease

THE medical officer looked at Pfc. Malcolm Chound with a baleful eye. "Well," he growled, crushing a sputum box with his bare hands, "what's the matter with you—athlete's foot?" The medical officer had treated nothing but ear fungus and athlete's foot for the past three months and he was very cross.

"I have something to be taken off," said Pfc. Chound.

The medical officer stiffened. His nostrils dilated. His eye searched Chound's face. "Ah yes, of course," he said. "Tumor there, on the upper lip. Malignant. Amputate." Chound watched as the medical officer ground a scalpel on a large emery wheel and held it up sparkling in the light.

"It's not a tumor," Chound spoke up; "it's my nose. It just looks that way."

The medical officer let the scalpel fall from his fingers, sank into his chair and began to weep on last month's VD report. Finally he composed himself, blew his nose and looked at Pfc. Chound sadly. "If that's your nose," he said, "then I'll bet it's only a small wart you want taken off. I never have any fun."

Chound held up his right hand before the medical officer's face. The officer looked and a strange excitement flared in his sunken eyes. There on Chound's hand were six perfectly formed fingers!

Trembling and wordless, the medical officer felt the fingers one at a time. "Oh, this is wonderful," he breathed. "How did this terrible thing come about?" He choked on his own emotions and coughed bits of feeling into his handkerchief.

"I am an assistant pay-roll clerk," said Chound. "I type and retype pay rolls and staple them in the prescribed form. To get five pages in proper sequence I hold one sheet between each two fingers. Formerly I could hold only four pages in this manner, and I was never recommended for corporal. I worried. Then one day I noticed I had grown another finger."

The medical officer nodded understandingly and said in gentle tones: "I know how it is. Occupational disease." He drew a machete from a drawer. "Ether or local anaesthetic?"

"Excuse me, sir," said Pfc. Chound. "I hope you won't be offended, but I don't want the finger amputated."

Disappointment shone in the medical officer's face and hurt tears sprung to his eyes. "Oh, you don't want this miserable extra finger," he said. "It isn't authorized. Please let me amputate it." Shaking perceptibly, he fondled Chound's sixth finger and looked at Chound imploringly.

"Thank you, no," said Chound. "I want that finger. Already I'm being considered for corporal because of my greater efficiency at stapling pay rolls. What I want taken off——"

"Yes, yes?" said the medical officer, perking up considerably.

"What I want taken off is this extra ear." Chound twisted his head, revealing a superb third ear. "You see, there were two sergeants and a corporal over me, but the corporal was transferred yesterday."

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Cpl. A. P. PERELLA

Do You Need a LITTLE GEM PACK-PUSHER?

- *Do you suffer from Packitis, commonly known as OhmyGIback?*
- *When your orders are double time, are your feet on time and a half?*
- *Then what you need is one of these Little Gem Pack-Pushers. Let our herringbone-twilled messenger deliver one of these intensely desirable comforts to your supply room door today.*

The Little Gem Pack-Pusher has three speeds: double time, quick time and fall out.

ASFTC, Jackson, Miss. —T-5 CHARLES LUCKSINGER

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Heinzmann's Penny

WHEN Pvt. Shepard entered the hutment, Heinzmann was scrubbing the floor under his bunk. Shepard took off his sunglasses and stood near the door.

"Heinzmann," he said, "you'll screw up the whole hut doing that. The floor will be clean under your bunk and nobody else's. It'll stand out, and it's only Wednesday."

Heinzmann laughed in a flat, mean little tone. "Oh, I like to keep busy, and besides I like the place I live in to be clean."

"For chrissake," Shepard said and lay down on his bunk.

Shepard disliked Heinzmann and he was discouraged with himself at his inability to handle Heinzmann's nitwit imperturbability.

In the mornings, before the company fell out, Heinzmann left his foot locker open with the tray tilted against the cover, revealing rows of precisely rolled socks, piles of neatly folded underwear, square stacks of handkerchiefs and folded shirts. His tray was impeccable; shoe polish, metal polish, talcum powder, after-shave lotion, scent, ink, writing paper—all were marshaled in coldly ranged rows.

"Heinzmann stinks," Shepard thought as he got off his bunk to get his towel out of his wall locker. And there was that goddam penny again. He shared the wall locker with Heinzmann—a box, head high, divided into four pigeonholes. On Heinzmann's side there was a new penny near the picture of Heinzmann's girl.

Once the penny had been knocked to the floor and Shepard had said: "Heinzmann, here's that penny of yours. Better take it before you lose it."

Heinzmann had laughed: "Honest people around here. Put it near the picture."

Shepard remembered the Sunday-school teacher he had had when he was a kid. The teacher had a booming voice, thick glasses and a tremendously hearty manner. Shepard had been afraid of him. For several weeks one time, the teacher had left 10 pennies lying on top of the organ. Next to the pennies he had placed a Bible. It had been a test, and no one ever took the pennies. It was stupid, all the kids had agreed.

Now this monkey Heinzmann was pulling the same act. The penny rested on the shelf, smug and conspicuous.

Shepard swung his towel out of the locker and went out to the latrine.

When he returned Heinzmann was gone. Shepard hung his towel up and looked at Heinzmann's penny. Then suddenly the realization came over him that he was being a little ridiculous and he laughed.

He picked up the penny and put it into his pocket. He would go up to the PX, put nine cents to it and have a beer with Heinzmann's penny. Shepard sat down on his bunk and laughed out loud. He could almost see Heinzmann's righteous self-pity.

"To hell with him," Shepard said to himself as he went out the door. He could hardly wait until tomorrow to hear Heinzmann whining that the people around here couldn't be trusted.

Camp Ellis, Ill. —Pfc. RAYMOND BOYLE

SONG OF THE PERMANENT PFC

CO, though many a ballad I've made for you,
Rhyming my verses with artifice nice,
I never thought that the songs that I played for you
Cut any ice.

I never dreamed that my plea so hysterical
Rated me aught but a kick•in the pants.
I always thought that our smile so satirical
Meant "not a chance."

I never expected a break as relating to
My line of bluff. That's the reason mayhap,
I wasn't surprised when you handed the rating to
Some other chap.

Loxley, Ala. —Pfc. LEWIS CLARK

REQUIEM

Old and tattered, stooped and bent,
Dazed by a thousand storms he went.
I saw him pass and how he reeled,
The last man leaving Sheppard Field!

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Cpl. MARV LORE

IT'S SO MUCH MORE

It's hard for her to think anything
But that I want to take her into my arms
And make violent and passionate love
To her.

It's hard for her to think anything
But that I want to crush her to me
And paw her
And breathe with difficulty.

It's hard for her to think anything
But that I am lonely for the love of a woman—
For that and nothing more;
Or that the evil animal within me seeks an outlet—
Only that.

And yet
It's so much more
And there is no way for me to tell her
That I want but to talk to a woman
To hear the voice of a woman
Friendly, trusting:
"Hello, Stan,
How are you?"

I want only understanding to quell the emptiness I feel;
But how can I tell her that to me she's a touch of home,
A touch of Ocean Avenue?
How can I tell her that I like the way
She walks across the room;
I like the way she crosses her legs?

To her I'm but a khaki shirt and trousers
And GI shoes,
With lust on my sordid brain.
And I am lonely and want to say pretty things;
I want to tell her about the farm
And how I miss it in the hot summer.

And this will be no more
Than the countless other times
I've looked at and admired pretty girls.
"I wish he'd stop looking at me," she'll say.
"These soldiers think of only one thing."
And at about eleven o'clock I will return to the barracks
And as I lie unsleeping on my bunk
I will try to fill the emptiness inside me
With thoughts of home and Louise.

Drew Field, Fla. —Pvt. STANLEY SWERDLOW

—Pvt. David Grossvogel, El Paso, Tex.

Brownie pitcher Sig Jakucki during quiet moment. Once he was tossed into ring full of wrestlers.

SPORTS: SHORT SHORT STORIES FROM THE ST. LOUIS WORLD SERIES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

LISTENING to the baseball mob at the World Series.

Like everybody else, Rogers Hornsby was impressed with Stan Musial's lusty hitting power. But the Rajah really went overboard for Dick Wakefield, calling him the greatest hitter in baseball.

"Wakefield not only has natural ability," Hornsby said, "but he has the confidence of a bank robber. Joe McCarthy told me a story of Wakefield in the 1943 All-Star game that bears me out. Mort Cooper was pitching for the Nationals and Wakefield was at the plate. The count was 3-0 and Wakefield glanced over to Art Fletcher on the third-base coaching line for a signal. Fletcher flashed the 'hit' sign, although in such cases the 'take' is better baseball. Wakefield acknowledged the signal and stepped back into the box.

"All the while, McCarthy was sitting on the bench, thinking to himself: 'This kid hasn't been in the league long and Cooper don't know what he can do. He'll want to get the next pitch over and he won't dare put much on it and we'll see something.'

"Joe saw something all right. The ball sailed across the plate, straight as an arrow and waist high. Wakefield never took the bat off his shoulder and it was 3-1. Cooper really blazed the next one, a fast curve across the corner. Wakefield connected for a double and drove in a run. When he got to the bench, McCarthy was waiting for him. 'Didn't you get the 3-0 hit sign from Fletcher?' Joe asked. Wakefield never hesitated. 'Yeah,' he said. 'but what the hell. I knew I could hit that guy any time'."

LARRY GILBERT, the minor-league mogul from Tennessee, had a sentimental interest in the Brownies. Many years ago, when Gilbert operated the New Orleans Pelicans, Big Sig Jakucki pitched for him.

"We were playing in Atlanta," Gilbert recalled, "and after the game Jakucki and Chief Euel Moore attended a wrestling match. The bout was dull, and in order to stir up some action Moore picked up Jakucki and threw him into the ring. The wrestlers ignored Sig, probably thinking he was part of the act and the promoter had neglected to tip them off. But the referee took a swing at Sig. Then the fun began. Jakucki chilled the referee with one punch and the wrestlers ganged Jakucki. Things weren't going so good for Sig, so Moore, himself a raw-boned citizen of 200 pounds, climbed into the ring and they really had a wild free-for-all.

"The cops finally broke it up and carried Sig and the Chief off to jail. The desk sergeant called me up and told me what had happened and asked for instructions. I told him to leave them in jail. Then I'd know where they were."

As Marty Marion ripped off one great play after another, Gabby Street and Frankie Frisch just sat and stared. Street thought leggy Marion was the greatest shortstop he had ever seen. Frisch simply thought how wonderful he would look in a Pirate uniform.

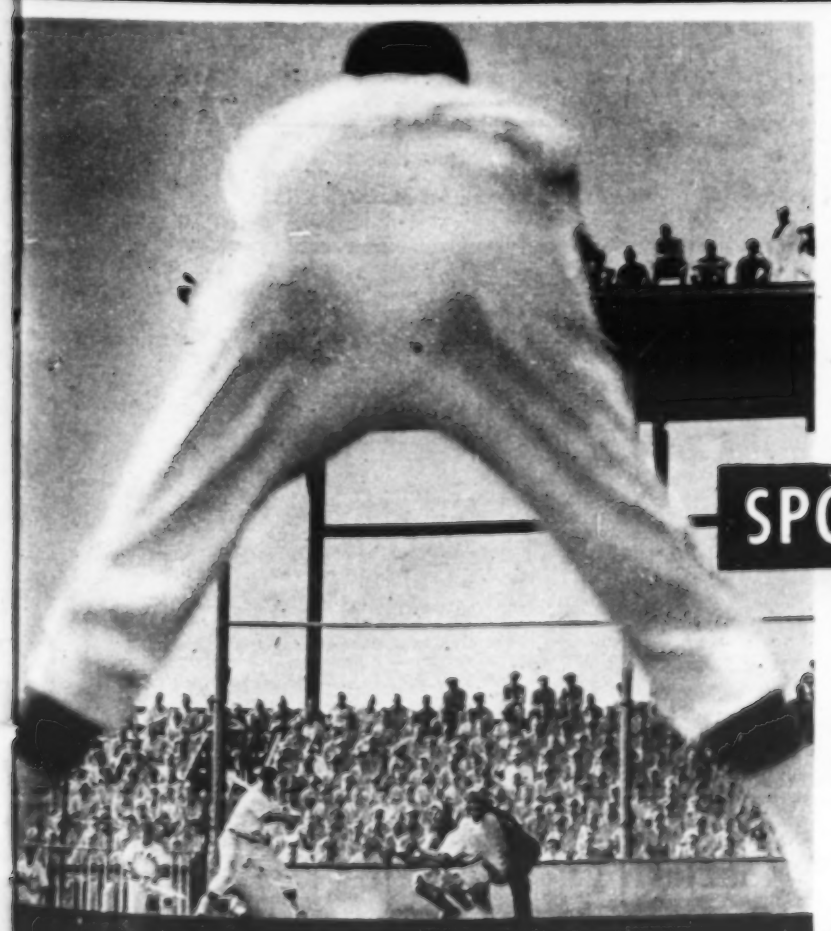
"You know, Frank," Street said, "I really believe this Marion is a better fielding shortstop than old Hans Wagner. He moves like a cat."

"I once asked Wagner about that," Frisch said. "I asked him if he thought Marion was a better fielder than he had been. And you know what he told me? He said: 'I dunno, Frank, I never saw me play'."

WHEN Luke Sewell crossed up everybody by naming Denny Galehouse, a mediocre right-hander, as his first-game pitching nominee, Connie Mack went back 15 years to tell about the time he did the same thing with Howard Ehmke in the 1929 Series.

"Just before we went on our last Western trip I drew Ehmke aside. 'Howard,' I told him, 'we've come to a parting of the ways.' By golly, but his face fell. 'Is there still one good game in your arm, Howard?' I asked. He raised up his hand. 'There is, Mr. Mack,' he said. 'Well, then,' I said, 'you scout the Cubs while we're on our Western trip and you'll pitch the opening game of the World Series.'

"Before the game I announced that I was going to pitch Lefty Grove and everybody on the club, except Grove and Ehmke of course, thought I was, too. When we were taking batting practice I gave the ball to Howard and told him to warm up. Al Simmons jumped off the bench and ran up to me, shouting: 'Holy cats, Mr. Mack, you're not really going to start that guy.' I had to fine Al $100 for making that remark. But I gave him the money back after Ehmke beat the Cubs and set a World Series record of 13 strike-outs."



GI SERIES. Here's the way the Army-Navy World Series in Hawaii looked from third-base coaching line. Cpl. Mike McCormick, ex-Cincinnati, swings for the Army. Navy swept series in straight games.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

A GI view of the St. Louis World Series: **Billy Southworth** liked the *Midpacifican's* idea of an All-Around-the-World Series in Hawaii between the Cardinals and the Navy All-Stars, but said they should have thought of it six weeks earlier. Most of the Cardinals had already made other plans. . . . **Sgts. Enos Slaughter** and **Jimmy Brown,** a couple of ex-Red Birds, put on their old uniforms and pitched batting practice for the Cardinals. . . . **Pfc. Frank (Creepy) Crespi,** another visitor at the Cardinal dugout, wore a steel brace on his right leg. Crespi broke his leg in a GI baseball game, then rebroke it when he lost a wheel-chair race and crashed into a wall. . . . **Sgt. Tommy Bridges,** sitting in the stands, made a nice catch of a foul off Augie Bergamo's bat. The crowd cheered, but a few of them knew who the sergeant was. . . . During the second game, **Chet Laabs** stepped out of the batter's box, because a sun reflection from the rightfield bleachers was in his eyes. Umpires traced it to the insignia on the caps of three GIs sitting together. They were asked to hold their caps for the rest of the game.

Add **Rip Collins,** the old Cardinal, to the overseas baseball line-up. . . . **Jesse Owens** showed up at the Ohio State-Missouri football game wearing civvies, thus spiking reports from France that he was in the Army and would appear in a Paris track meet. . . . **S/Sgt. Joe Louis** was ordered back to the States, but his boxing troupe continued its tour of the Persian Gulf Command. The WD has something big planned for Louis, but we can't tell you about it now. . . . **Pvt. Bobby Doerr,** the Red Sox second baseman, was on KP at Camp Roberts, Calif., when he heard the *Sporting News* had named him the most valuable player in the American League. **Mr. Shortstop Marion** was the National League winner. . . . **Ens. George McAfee,** ex-Chicago Bear halfback star, is now in the South Pacific. . . . **M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura** has arrived in France.

Decorated: **Lt. Comdr. George Earnshaw,** former Athletic pitcher and World Series hero, with a commendation ribbon for directing antiaircraft fire against low-flying Japanese torpedo planes during a carrier strike on Truk. . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Comdr. Mal Stevens,** former NYU football coach, from the ETO to the Sampson (N. Y.) Naval Training Center. . . . *Discharged:* **Maj. Hank Gowdy,** one-time big-league baseball star, from the Army. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Earl M. Brown,** 29-year-old Dartmouth football coach; **Denny Galehouse,** 34-year-old Browns' right-hander; **Hank Wyse,** Chicago Cub pitcher; all by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* **Ike Williams,** promising Trenton (N. J.) Negro lightweight contender; no reason given.

"HE SAYS WE CAN'T MOVE OUT, SIR; THE BOCHES TOOK ALL THE TICKETS."
—Sgt. Ralph Stein

"OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE ICE IS FORMING ON THE WINGS!"
—Sgt. Al Kaelin

"AND DON'T FORGET, HAROLD, SHE MAY BE SOMEBODY'S SISTER."
—Pvt. Johnny Bryson

"AWRIGHT, YOU GUYS, LET'S GET ON THE BALL."
—S/Sgt. Sidney Londi

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